



Addiction by JoeKerr123

Category: IT

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-01 00:36:55

Updated: 2017-12-04 23:02:22

Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:57:42

Rating: M

Chapters: 37

Words: 48,246

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sequel to Monophobia. It's been three quiet years and strange things are beginning to circulate around Sasha's life in New York. The spiteful son of Romanoff is seeking revenge for his father's killer. And the only way to get a certain homicidal clown out of hibernation is to threaten the one thing he seems to hold a connection with. PennywisexOC Rated M for violent/sexual content

1. A New Threat

Okay guys! So I've decided to start the sequel to Monophobia on behalf of Halloween! I figured it would be the best time since this story might be a little longer considering it's mostly involving Sasha and Pennywise now. So unfortunately we won't be seeing any of the Losers in this story unless in some flashback scenes maybe but that's it. Also I would like to address ahead of time that this story might be a bit more graphic in terms of sexual and mature content since it deals with only adults. I'll try to upload as soon as I can later on today! :)

"You hear about the homicide over on 5th avenue?" the pharmacist asked

Another man buying the paper looked up at him and shrugged, "nothing new around here."

The owner of the stand nodded, "yeah, but I heard this one was messy."

The man opened the paper to see it on the front page, *Three Employees of Local Bar Brutally Murdered*

"Their bodies were in pieces, some of em' you couldn't even tell what or who they were," the owner added

A person in a hoodie walked into the store, their face wasn't visible, the two men noticed the mysterious customer but continued their conversation.

"What the hell could have done that?" the customer asked

The owner leaned over the counter, "I heard the Romanoff gang was involved."

At this, the mystery customer's head quirked, turning their attention more towards the two men.

"I thought that satanic prick died, its been three years since he was

last seen."

The owner nodded again, "Yeah, but his kid aint dead. Seems like it's got something to with the Capello family, was one of their bars."

"Wasn't there two? A brother and a sister?" he asked

"Yeah but he's been gone too, ever since Romanoff went missing. Gotta be involved with each other."

The customer paid the pharmacist, "Shame, he was a good kid. Knew em' both. Now you don't ever see her, it's just her workers who handle the business."

The owner closed the register and placed his elbow back on the counter, "Probably best she avoids the Romanoff family anyway. I heard he's not too happy."

Both men heard the doorbell ring as they watched the figure exit the store. They looked at one another and shrugged, wondering who it was in the first place.

The figure walked through the dark alleys of the city, lifting their gloved hand to grab their hood. Sasha revealed her face, she glanced around carefully at her surroundings and made her way to another one of her brother's bars. She walked in the back way and met up with one of her brother's employees, Jimmy. He was a younger man with light brown hair and was average height. He was someone Sasha's gained trust over the past few years. He was loyal and a good friend of her brother before he passed away.

He greeted Sasha with a smile, "Hey Sasha."

Sasha walked into the light and returned the favor with a small smile, "Hey Jimmy."

He watched her and looked around, "why are you walking around here this late at night?"

She placed her hands in her pocket, "I needed to stretch my legs."

Jimmy watched her before opening the door, she could hear music from the club upstairs. She always remembered Jonathan's establishments always attracting tons of people and she was happy to know that they continued to welcome more in certain bars. Although with the recent murders, she suspected the income losing its customers out of fear. This bar in particular was in a much nicer area than the rest, it always had younger wealthy customers who were looking for a good time.

Sasha headed upstairs into her brother's office, she appointed Jimmy in charge of most of her bars, it was her brother's legacy and she knew he would do his best to keep it that way.

"How have you been holding up?" he asked as they walked up the stairs

She shrugged, "I've been fine."

Jimmy sighed, he knew every time Sasha said that she always meant the opposite, "how's the shop?"

Sasha decided to turn one of her brother's buildings into a bookstore. For some reason literature was always something that relaxed her. So, she thought it would keep her both out of trouble and give herself more of a normal life if she took up one of her hobbies a lot more seriously.

"It's been quiet," she smiled

Jimmy smirked, "and that detective? Is he still coming to visit you?"

Sasha rolled her eyes and looked at Jimmy, "maybe."

Jimmy shook his head slowly, "When's the last time you've been on a date?"

Sasha quirked her head in deep thought, "a while."

Jimmy opened the office door and allowed Sasha to walk inside, "that's right, some mystery man you refuse to talk about."

She sat down in her brother's leather desk chair, "I'm not in the mood

for a relationship right now."

Jimmy raised his hand and smiled, "you've got plenty of time anyway, it's not like we age."

She chuckled and leaned back in the seat, looking at the various pictures of herself on her brother's desk, "you haven't gotten rid of these?"

Jimmy furrowed his brows, "I don't think Johnny would want me to do that."

She smiled at Jimmy's respect to her brother, she didn't trust really anyone besides Jimmy. So, she was happy she had him there to keep her sanity at bay.

"What are we going to do about the killings?" she asked

Jimmy leaned against the window, reaching down to grab two cigarettes and hand her one, "we stock up on better security. Make sure all workers are alerted to keep watch."

She lifted her hand and grabbed the blunt while Jimmy lit it with his lighter and then his. Sasha took a puff and blew out the smoke through her nose.

"Are you gonna' be okay?" she asked

Jimmy looked at her and smiled, "I'll be alright, don't worry about me. It's you I want to keep an eye on."

She smirked and looked out the window, "what's his name?"

Jimmy looked at her, "who?"

"Romanoff's son," she replied

Jimmy rolled his eyes at the sound of this man, "Aiden, he's a cocky son of a bitch."

She ran her fingers through her silver hair, "Yeah but he's dangerous and too happy with me."

Jimmy nodded, "Yes, which is why we have to stock up on better security, especially with you."

She didn't say a word, she only took another drag from her cigarette and placed it in the ash tray. Jimmy sighed and knelt in front of her.

"It's gonna' be okay, I'll handle It don't worry," her eyes shot up to his, remembering those very same words come out of her brother's mouth.

Jimmy placed a hand on her shoulder, "We'll stop him. I promise."

She let out an exasperated breath, "I knew this was coming, I just didn't think it was real until now."

He stared at her, "well now we have to figure out where he is and keep you out of his reach."

She nodded, "okay."

Jimmy observed her, her leg was anxiously shaking, "are you still taking those prescriptions?"

She looked up at him and then quickly off to the side, "No."

He narrowed his eyes, "Good. Those drugs are not good for you Sasha."

She didn't respond and only stared at the floor, nodding slowly.

Jimmy put out his cigarette, "C'mon, I'll take you home."

2. She Sees the Ghosts

Sasha watched the city lights as they drove past, it was a damp night and she watched as fog slowly clouded the window from her breathes.

"You haven't been sleeping right."

Sasha turned her head to Jimmy.

Jimmy looked in the rearview mirror before turning to the next street, "Why?"

She turned back to look out the window again and shrugged, "I've just been having bad dreams lately."

Jimmy glanced at her, he could see dark circles under her green eyes, "About?"

She sat quiet before answering, "A few different things, but it's always the same exact dream every night."

Jimmy slowed down his car, pulling up to her apartment on the north side of the city, he propped his arm on the car seat and looked at her.

"Well if there's anything you feel is not right, call me immediately do you understand?" he ordered

Sasha looked at him and nodded, giving a small smile and stepping out of the car. Jimmy watched her enter the apartment and lock the gate entrance behind her. She saw the car drive off into the night and headed up the stairs, unlocking the door.

She entered her apartment and dropped her keys on the marble counter. It was a loft styled home with more than enough space for her and Bruce. She took off her hoodie, throwing it onto the coat rack just after the door. She walked over to her favorite armchair near the balcony and plopped down on the seat, looking out the large glass windows. Her apartment overlooked the river in the city. It was a beautiful view and she would often lose herself staring out into the distance of the large city.

She let out a breath and heard light footsteps walking into the family room. Sasha turned her head and smirked, "Hello Bruce."

The Doberman panted as he walked closer to her, she scratched underneath his chin. He stretched his legs and laid down just below her chair. Her thoughts were immediately drawn back to Derry, memories of Johnathan, the Losers and Roman. There hasn't been a day that goes by when she didn't think of Roman. She usually found him being the only thing she seemed to think of now and every time she'd fall to sleep. She laid back and stared back out the window, her eyes grew heavy and soon fell into a deep slumber.

Sasha walked along the deep sewers of Derry, she could smell the iron in the blood on the walls. Her eyes scanned the tunnels in search of Roman, but she couldn't find him, she could sense something behind her. She could see a tall shadow of a figure standing in the small light just at the end of the tunnel. She picked up the pace until she felt herself bolt through the endless tunnels of the sewers.

She saw a light at the end of the channel and charged for the opening, she realized she was in the cistern with bodies of children floating above her. She looked closer and realized there were seven bodies of children she knew. She walked closer to the pile of old belongings.

"Bill?" she whispered

Bill, Beverly, Mike, Ben, Richie, Eddie and Stan. She could see their bodies floating over her and she began climbing up the mountain of memories. But each time she tried getting closer, it's as if they got farther up.

"Bill!" she shouted

She suddenly felt a force pull her to the ground, she landed in liquid that didn't feel like water. She rubbed her neck and opened her eyes, her hand was doused in blood. She furrowed her brows and stood up, her whole body was covered in blood. She glanced around on the ground to see bodies of children floating up from the crimson liquid. She spotted a small head poking from in front of her. She quickly ran over and picked up the body, it was Georgie.

She began to panic when she saw the small boy's arm was torn off, bits of his skin and bone peeking from under his now red stained shirt. She began to cry as she held Georgie in her arms, she lifted her hand and placed it onto his face.

"Wake up," she pleaded

The boy's eyes suddenly opened, they were glowing red, she flinched. Georgie began to smile devilishly, showing rows of pointed teeth.

She observed his face, "Georgie?"

The boy suddenly frowned, "why didn't you save me?" He whined

Sasha shook her head and gave a look of confusion, "I didn't know."

Georgie then lunged at her with his mouth open, Sasha dropped him and quickly stood up. Georgie began laughing and disappeared into the pool of blood, leaving goopy bubbles behind.

Sasha looked around, dismembered and disfigured illusions of children started surrounding her. They all smiled the same way Georgie did. She could hear whispers around her, she shut her eyes and covered her ears.

"You let us die."

"You could have saved us."

She groaned and backed away, "No I couldn't! I didn't know!"

They followed her, they were all a pale almost green color. Torn up clothing and blood stains all over their body. Some headless, while others were missing parts.

"You let him live," they whispered

She shook her head slowly and hastily turned to run into a body behind her. She looked up and noticed Johnathan staring down at her. He grimaced as he held onto her arms tightly.

"John?" she whispered

Johnathan looked pale and his lips were dark, his eyes glowing red as well. "You let me die."

At her brother's words, tears began to fall down her cheek and she shook her head, placing her hands on his chest.

"No, Johnny, I tried to save you," she cried, "You left me."

He grabbed her throat and pulled her closer to his face, "You should've died. Not me."

Her eyes widened when Johnathan slowly opened his mouth, black sludge falling out. His sharp teeth peeking through.

"No!" She shoved her brother to the side and ran back through the tunnel opening

She could hear her brother and children laughing in the background. She was crying and cold, she turned the corner and hit a dead end. She looked around and suddenly all the openings were closed except the one behind her. She could hear the sounds of them coming closer.

"Sasha"

Even Johnathan's nickname for her was heard through the tunnel, "Sash"

"Sashaaaa"

She turned back around and slammed her fists on the stone wall, there was no way out. Suddenly, the noises stopped and so did she. She stared at the wall and listened for anything else. She could hear a soft jingle playing in the distance. Sasha slowly turned her head, a single red balloon floating towards her. She backed away until she was completely pressed up against the stone. She picked up her breathes and watched as the balloon stopped just a few feet ahead of her.

After moments of silence, the balloon suddenly popped, blood splattering on her face in the process. She flinched and wiped her eyes. She then noticed a red fuzzy ball in front of her. She was looking at a torso, she slowly looked up to see Pennywise grinning down at her with an insane like smile.

"Roman?" she asked

The clown smiled even wider and slammed his hands on each side of her body, making her jump. He leaned in closer and licked her from her breast up to her lips, tasting the blood on her body.

"It's your turn to float," he smirked

She watched in horror as Pennywise lunged at her face.

Sasha shot up from the armchair and leaned over and holding her chest, Bruce popped his head up to stare at his owner. She panted as she was in a cold sweat. She held her body as her lip trembled, wiping the hair from her flustered face.

She glanced up and looked at the time.

3:33 a.m.

She let out a breath and stood up from her seat, the entire apartment was dark. She snapped her fingers and the lights were turned on. She walked over towards the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. She narrowed her eyes when she noticed a bite mark just above her breast. She trailed her fingers over it and wondered where it came from.

She rubbed her temple in pain, she could feel another migraine coming.

She opened the medicine cabinet and grabbed six bottles of prescription pills. By this time Bruce walked into the bathroom and stared at her. She paid him no mind and instead opened each one of the bottles, putting the pills in her mouth and turning on the sink. She drank some water before swallowing down the drugs. Bruce winced, watching her begin to cry and lean over on the ground, she couldn't help herself from taking the medications.

They helped her sleep and every time she did, she would have much more pleasant dreams. Dreams of the Roman she was used to, a better version of himself. Not the clown who tried to hurt her. She enjoyed these dreams, she enjoyed sleeping when she was on these

drugs, if she could she'd sleep forever with these satisfying thoughts. Bruce walked over to her and laid next to her body, she rested her head on the ledge of the bathtub and closed her eyes, drifting back into unconsciousness.

3. Red Rose

Morning arrived and Sasha could feel something wet graze her cheek, she flinched until she realized who it was. Bruce sat above her, he whined as he watched her, rays of sun shining on her face. She squinted her eyes and raised her hand to block the bright light. She looked around, lying her head back on her arm.

Bruce fidgeted in his spot and began wagging his tail, lightly barking. Sasha groaned and reluctantly sat up, her body was still drowsy from the medication.

"Alright, alright I'm up," she replied

The dog stood up and backed away while she picked herself up from the floor. She looked down at her watch, it was still early enough, not that she needed to rush to work, it was just a floor below. Sasha stretched and headed for the kitchen, opening the fridge and grab a jug of water, pouring it into Bruce's bowl. He walked over and began drinking the water. She smirked and rubbed her eyes, glancing over to the window and heading for the bathroom. Sasha then stopped at the entrance of the room, she glanced to the side in thought and turned her body to the other side of her bed.

She walked over to the small nightstand and crouched down, opening the small cabinet below. She smirked when she spotted the same red rose that she received before, still in the same condition it was three years ago. She reached down and picked it up, inspecting it. She closed her eyes and smelled the flower, it still smelled lovely. She stood up and walked over to the bathroom, carrying the flower with her. She waved her hand and the door closed behind her, she looked up at the skylight in the bathroom, the sky was clear and blue.

She looked down and placed the flower in a small vase in the middle of the counter top. She stared at it a few moments before taking off her clothes. She peered up at the mirror and looked at herself, the bite mark was gone. She turned her body to inspect further, there was nothing, just her tattoo on her hand and a few scars, including the one Roman had given her the day he left. Sasha continued to step into the large glass shower, turning the water on and letting the

water hit her body.

She rinsed her hair and watched as the bubbles dripped down her form, she closed her eyes, remembering her dream.

Roman

Her hands fell from her head down to her shoulders, she leaned her head back and took a breath. She remembered the way he smelled, the way he felt and the way he was with her. She felt her hands slowly trail down to her stomach until she reached down further. Sasha shot her eyes open when she felt two hands on her pelvis. She turned around and backed away, looking around the shower expecting to see someone behind her. But there was no one there.

She squeezed her eyes and ran her fingers through her hair, letting out a shaky breath. She sighed and finished up cleaning herself off. She turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel and wrapping around her body. She started walking out the room before stopping and staring at the bed in confusion. The same red rose sitting on the bed, she quickly turned her head to see the vase was empty. She peeked her head into her room, suspiciously looking around. Returning her attention to the bed, she crept over and reached down for the flower. She furrowed her brows and walked back to place it inside the vase.

She sighed and shook her head, thinking maybe it was the medication that was messing with her mind.

Sasha wore a tight fitting cream colored turtleneck with worn jeans and nude pointed toe pumps while her silver hair was up in a bun with two strands framing her face. She was putting away new arrivals she'd gotten that same day. They were romance novels, she lightly chuckled remembering Roman and his distaste for them.

The bookstore was always quiet at this time, usually towards the afternoon, she would have a few frequent customers who visited the store. But in the mornings, she always had one specific visitor who came to see her.

"Good morning Ms. Capello."

Sasha closed her eyes in frustration, but forced a smile and turned her body, "Hello Terry."

The young man smiled at the woman, he was a detective and started coming around after the killings started. She figured at first, he was just extremely interested in this case until she realized he was also interested in her. He had black hair and hazel eyes, he was very good at his job and a gentleman. Sasha knew he meant well and wanted to keep her out of danger, but she wasn't interested in anything more.

"I stopped by to see how you were," he admitted, he wore a blue collared shirt with a black tie and matching pants and a beige coat.

She turned back to place another book on the shelf, "I'm alright thank you."

Terry glanced around, trying to find the right words to say.

"I just wanted to let you know we have officers patrol this area to make sure your apartment I cleared," he spoke

Sasha nodded, "oh, well thank you for that but I also have security of my own."

Terry shrugged, "better safe than sorry."

Sasha looked back down at the books awkwardly, Terry noticed her discomfort and scratched the back of his head.

"You, uh, have anything new for me?" he asked

Sasha looked up at him, realizing he meant the books, she shook her head and chuckled, "not unless you're into romance novels."

Terry smiled and placed his hands in his pockets, Sasha watched him, she had to admit, he was very attractive, "Not exactly no."

She smiled at her and she quickly looked back down to her book. He took a breath and cleared his throat, "Uh, Sasha, if your free, I'd like to take you out for coffee sometime."

Sasha clenched the book and placed the last one on the shelf, walking over to the counter to grab some magazines. Terry continued to watch her.

"I...Don't think now's the best time Terry I'm sorry," she answered

She glanced back to see the disappointment in his face, but smiled and nodded, "I understand Ms. Capello."

They could both hear his police scanner address a burglary on the south side of town. He looked down and pressed the button, turning the sound off. He looked up at Sasha and nodded his head, "Have a good day," he smiled

He turned and headed for the door, Sasha bit her lip and took a step forward, "Terry."

The young man turned at the sound of her voice, she shifted her eyes and swallowed, "I, just need some time if that's alright."

Terry stared at her and smiled, "Of course Sasha," he replied and left the building.

Sasha sighed and leaned on the register counter, looking over to see Bruce sitting just behind it. She rolled her eyes and felt his gaze again, he may not have been able to speak but he didn't need to as his faces were enough.

"Don't."

Bruce licked his lips and walked off into the back of the store.

4. Hatred

The day went by fairly slow but Sasha didn't mind, she enjoyed her time in the bookstore, she often read books on demonology, scoffing at some of the blatant false information given. One book that she read constantly was a book on resurrection, these specific pieces of literature were hers alone. She was given them by Romanoff when she was younger, knowing she had an interest in reading.

She leaned against the counter with her head propped on her gloved hand. She could see Bruce chewing on a bone at the far end of the store. She smirked until she heard the telephone ring, Sasha stood up and walked over to pick it up.

"Hello?"

'Sasha, it's Jimmy.'

She stiffened at the sound of his voice, something was wrong, "Is everything okay?"

Jimmy paused until replying, *"There was another attack."*

Sasha creased her brows and turned back to Bruce, who poked his head up to look at her, "I'll be right there."

Jimmy hung up the phone and Sasha placed it back on the holder. She sighed and grabbed her tan trench coat, walking over towards the entrance.

She glanced back at Bruce, "Watch the store Bruce."

The Doberman barked in response while Sasha locked the door behind her and headed towards the street, noticing one of her workers drive up to her building in a black Lincoln.

They drove towards the east end of the city, this was a much smaller bar that had been attacked. She spotted a large cathedral on the way there and stared at it as they passed. They finally pulled up to the tavern. The worker opened the door and she stepped out, seeing

Jimmy standing just outside.

She walked over towards him, "when did this happen?"

Jimmy shook his head, "It must have been sometime between three and five this morning."

Sasha saw a few other workers look at her, they didn't see her much so when they did, it seemed a bit odd. Jimmy snapped his fingers, they straightened themselves and guarded the door. He turned to Sasha, "You sure you want to see this?" He asked

Sasha looked up at him, "Yes."

He sighed and ushered her inside, he turned to the men, "make sure no one walks in, the cops should be showing up any minute now and we want to get rid of anything suspicious before they arrive."

The worker nodded and closed the door, Sasha walked forward before being met with a pungent and disgusting smell. She covered her nose and looked around the bar, there was nothing but blood everywhere.

Jimmy glanced around disapprovingly, he had workers take the seraph blades away from the scene. He nudged his head over towards a body that didn't look familiar, it looked as if it could have been a female. Jimmy shook his head slowly as he stared at the body, there was no clothes on the figure but their legs were separated and parts of the genitals were missing or mutilated.

He sighed in aggravation, "They murdered customers this time," he observed the body, "Her name was Stephanie, she just turned 21 and they raped and killed her."

Sasha clenched her jaw and looked up to see Jimmy, he was visibly upset at the scene.

"They killed two more women and four men in the back, same thing happened to them," he finished

Sasha couldn't help but feel guilt wash over her, they were innocent.

Jimmy scoffed in disgust, "There was a Seraph blade shoved up her vagina with a dismembered penis lodge in her throat. A big fuck you, courtesy of Aiden himself."

Sasha had no words, she looked around, her brother's life slowly falling apart before her. She narrowed her eyes and saw bite marks all over the woman's legs and a pentagram carved into her now pale skin.

"And the cops?" she asked softly

Jimmy looked at her, "I have a few of our kind on the inside, working under your detective's department. They should be able to pinpoint where he's hiding out within the next few days I'm hoping."

Sasha's eyes fell to the ground, Jimmy turned his body to her and grabbed her arm, pulling her to another exit of the building. Sasha gave him a look of confusion before he handed her a tracker, "keep this on you, this is why I wanted you to come here. I have eyes on me right now but they don't know where you are."

She stared at him, placing the small device in her pocket, "They don't know where I am now?"

Jimmy raised a brow, "The building you're at was vacant way before we took it over. It was a spot Johnathan kept in case of emergencies. They don't know where you are right now and I want to keep it that way for as long as I can until we get closer to him. Got it?" he asked

She glanced back at the scene, spotting one of the workers staring at her before quickly turning back and cleaning up different spots of the areas Jimmy wanted gone. He noticed her eyes and turned his head, he looked back at her and leaned in closer, "make sure no one sees where you're going and try to keep out of sight. I'll send security to your apartment after a good inspection of my workers." He knew there was something off with some of his men and needed to go through them thoroughly. Jimmy had certain friends of his own coming in from Chicago that day since he needed more help that he could trust.

He smiled at Sasha, "watch yourself and like I said, let me know if

there's anything wrong alright?"

Sasha nodded, "Okay."

He nodded in return and pinched her chin, "Get out of here before the cops come."

Sasha stared at him until she disappeared, Jimmy turned back to his workers and watched them suspiciously. He heard police sirens and cars pull up to the bar, he could see detective Terry Walker step out of the vehicle and walk up to the entrance, the guard blocked his way and he glared up at the man.

"Out of my way," he ordered

The guard only stared at him.

"Detective Walker," Jimmy stated, walking from behind, patting his hand on the worker's shoulder, escorting him to the side and letting Terry in.

"Mr. Darrow," Walker said, "How bad is it?"

Jimmy scoffed and placed a hand on Terry's shoulder, pressing him further inside, "pretty bad."

Sasha stood in front of the large cathedral, she stared at the gargoyles above. She was almost entranced by them.

"Can I help you child?"

Sasha shot her head down to see an older priest with white hair smiling at her with a warm and welcoming face. She looked behind her, to make sure he wasn't talking to anyone else.

"Is something wrong?"

Sasha placed her hands in her pockets and shook her head slowly, "no, sorry to bother you," she replied

The priest softened his eyes, "you don't go to church often do you?"

Sasha furrowed her brows and turned back to the older man, "uh, no can't say that I do."

The priest smiled, "it's never too late to start dear, God welcomes all of his children."

Sasha chuckled, "I'm not so sure about that."

The priest quirked his head in confusion, "God forgives those who ask for forgiveness."

She sighed, "anyone?"

The older man smiled and waved his hand ushering her inside the large cathedral doors, "come inside, it's freezing out here."

5. Forgive Me Father

Sasha hesitated before taking a few steps over towards the entrance of the building. The priest turned back to her from inside the church, she stared at the floor in fear. She closed her eyes and lifted her foot, stepping inside and squeezing her eyes shut.

To her surprise, nothing happened and she didn't feel any pain. She opened her eyes to see the priest staring at her in bewilderment. She cleared her throat and smiled at him. Looking around the large room to see beautiful stained-glass windows and religious monuments on the walls. There was a faint smell of candles and the sound of an organ playing in the distance.

The church had only two other people, an older woman praying near the front of the church while another figure in the back sat back in the seat, a hood over their head. She watched them until the priest spoke up again.

"You seem troubled child," he said, turning and walking back to the front of the church

Sasha watched him, he continued to speak, "what's troubling you?"

She looked around, "a lot of things."

Despite her refusal to share much, the priest remained kind as he sat down on the wooden pew, smiling up at her. Sasha bit her lip until finally sitting down on the seat.

He looked up at the large statue of Jesus Christ on the cross, "losing someone we love can be very troubling."

"But someone who wishes for death is not appreciating life to its fullest."

Sasha narrowed her eyes and peered over at the priest, he turned with a smirk, "you feel abandoned, don't you?"

She opened her mouth to say something back to shut him up but nothing came out. He gave a warm and understanding smile.

"You're never alone child, you always have those you love around you and you have the lord to protect you," he explained

She leaned back in her seat and glanced down at the ground, "Your never alone with God. He will save you."

She looked over to him, "Not everyone deserves saving," she whispered

"That's not true," he retorted, shaking his finger at her

He slowly stood up and turned to face her, "And it all starts with one simple prayer," he smiled at her before walking off, leaving Sasha to her thoughts.

Sasha sat uncomfortably in the church, glancing around at the old woman who had her head down still praying. She stood up and walked forward, looking at the statue of Christ, she lifted her hands but clenched her fist and dropped her hand back down to her side, closing her eyes and heading for the exit.

Her heels clacked across the floor and echoed inside the cathedral, she spotted the same figure still sitting at the back of the church. They remained still as she exited the church, the person's head slowly turned to watch her leave.

It was nearly sunset and Sasha walked along the crowded streets of New York, there was a carnival going on which explained a lot. She spotted a family of three heading towards her, they were smiling and happy. A mother and a father with a small son walked closer to her, she watched him and continued to walk. The small boy was carrying a turtle plushie, he was on his father's shoulders and lifted the animal above his head. A sudden gust of wind knocked the plushie out of the boy's hands.

"Wait!" he shouted

Sasha turned to see the animal land by her feet, she leaned over to pick it up and look up to the family. They were smiling at her while the father picked his son up and placed him on the ground.

"Go ask for it nicely and say thank you," he said

The small boy bit his lip nervously and smiled, running up to Sasha. She smiled at the boy and knelt on the ground, waiting for him to speak.

"May I have my turtle back please?" he asked shyly

She smiled at him and nodded, handing the turtle back to the boy, "what's your name?"

The boy smiled, "Jamie."

She raised her brow, "well Jamie you're a very polite young man."

He chuckled, "thank you."

She winked at him and stood back up, "go on back to your parents."

The boy could hear his family call him from behind, he turned to Sasha, "Bye now."

She smirked, "Goodbye Jamie."

The parents smiled at her and continued walking down the street, Sasha softened her eyes. It must be a great feeling to have a family. She wondered if she'd ever have one herself. Sasha shook her head and turned back around, cutting the corner to the next street. She couldn't help but feel eyes on her, she glanced around in the crowds of people until she spotted one of the carnival clowns staring at her.

She shifted her eyes awkwardly as she tried to ignore his gaze. She took one last look as he was tall man with a mask of a smile across his mouth and lifted his hand to offer her a balloon. She grimaced and kept walking.

She didn't think there would be so many people until she realized it was nearly sundown, she groaned in frustration. Sasha pushed through the crowds of people and stopped when she noticed the same man she'd seen in the church staring at her, his hood still covering his face.

She quickly rushed inside a bar and exited through the back, there were still some people around but she hastily walked through the alley into the opposite end of the street. There was now a different crowd of people here, that were out to party and drink. She turned her head to see the same figure following her, she grunted and vanished. She ended up on the roof to one of the museums in the area.

The dark figure managed to follow her up there as she hid behind one of the structures atop of the roof. The figure now looked different, she could tell in the darkness it had changed. They walked closer and Sasha quickly jumped up and flipped over to wrap her legs around their neck, flipping them both to the ground. Sasha landed on her feet while the figure slowly stood back up from the floor and walked closer to her. She pulled out her blades and swiftly sliced at the figure, who dodged every single blow.

She growled and lifted her leg, kicking them in the chest sending them back. She then teleported herself to the next building over. She ran and glanced back to see the tall figure staring at her, she slid down into the darkness and hid.

She watched as the person walked across the roof, she ran up and lunged at the figure. Trapping them between her legs with her arms crossed and her knives in her hands on both sides of their face. She panted as they fell with a flood light shining over their face.

Sasha widened her eyes in shock as she looked down at them.

"Roman?" she muttered

Pennywise smirked at her and she realized he was holding both her hips.

"You've gotten much better at that," he grinned

She shut her eyes and opened them back up, he was gone. Sasha furrowed her brows and looked around, she rubbed her eyes and stood up. She gritted her teeth and blamed the drugs for these hallucinations.

She placed her knives in her pockets and walked over towards the door of the rooftop. She walked passed it until two large hands grabbed her, one over her mouth while the other gripped her arm and slammed her into the wall. She stared up at the figure, she was in the light while they were in the dark. She squinted her eyes but she looked down to see white gloved hands holding her.

"Hiya Sasha."

6. Swallow the Pill

Sasha stared at them in disbelief, recognizing that voice. They slowly lowered their hand, her eyes scanned the darkness, lifting her hand to grab onto their clothing, bringing them into the light. Her mouth dropped when her eyes landed on his white plaster face and red grin. She let out a shaky breath and shook her head, letting go quickly and walking away from them.

"You're not real," she whispered, holding her head

Pennywise walked into the light to reveal his entire body, it looked like him but Sasha refused to believe it.

He tilted his head at her, "What's the matter? I'm not real enough for you anymore?" he asked, he walked forward as his form began changing, she held her breath when she saw Roman stop directly in front of her, smirking.

She stared at him and narrowed her eyes in suspicion, "If your real, tell me something only Roman would know."

Roman stared at her before grinning mischievously and looking up in thought, "You have a birth mark right in between your –"

Sasha quickly raised her hand and covered his mouth, "I got it okay, I believe you."

Although his mouth was covered, Sasha could feel him smiling underneath. She stared at him in sorrow, Roman watched her, her eyes began to sting due to hot tears forming in them. She dropped her hand and glared at him, her face suddenly turning into a frown.

He pouted as he watched her, "And why are we so upset?" he asked

She took a step back, "three years Roman. I was alone for three years."

Roman's smile slowly disappeared as he stared at her. She shook her head and pointed at him, her green eyes glowing in the darkness, "And now? Now is the time you decide to just show up randomly and

act as if everything is okay?"

He stood quiet.

"Not one sign of you at all, I just wanted one," she sighed, "just one sign that you were okay or alive or something...Anything."

She turned her back towards him and looked down at the city, she could feel his hands slowly snake around her waist. One hand lifting itself to grip her throat, he leaned in and whispered into her ear, "I'm not supposed to be awake yet Sasha," his hand clenched tighter on her throat and she closed her eyes, "I'm awake because of you."

She opened her eyes and looked back, "Me? What did I do?"

He sharply turned her around and gritted his teeth, "I could feel your fear. Your raw, sensitive fear. The death around you, I can feel all of that."

She stared at him, "I don't understand, bad things happen all the time Roman, your blaming a few murders on me for waking you up, murders happen everywhere not just here."

He rolled his eyes and shook her once, as if to get her to understand, "I can feel everything you feel and it's very distracting."

"Why?"

"Great question."

He let her go and frowned, "And your incessant thoughts about me didn't help the situation."

She scoffed, "oh well excuse me for missing you, I'll try to keep my thoughts to a minimum next time. Maybe find someone else to think about," she turned away from him and he growled and clutched her arm. She winced when he pulled her back sharply, his eyes glowed yellow in the shadows.

"What did you just say?" His voice was low and dangerous

She clenched her jaw, "I said I'll find. Someone else. To think about."

He growled and grabbed her collar, bringing her closer to his face, "I don't think so, and if you try anything like that. I will kill you."

Sasha frowned, staring at him and remaining quiet.

"You've already made your bed Sasha, there is no 'someone else' there's only me," he threatened, "So boohoo if you have to wait a few years. Time doesn't affect you so try and act like it."

She pushed him away, but he didn't move. He let her go and she took one step back. She dropped her silver head and wiped a tear from her eyes, crossing her arms and avoiding looking at him. Roman sighed and rolled his eyes, blinking so his blue eyes appeared. He walked closer to her and cupped her chin, making her look at him.

"You look tired," he said

Sasha watched him, "So do you."

Sasha unlocked the door to her apartment and walked inside, she dusted off her coat and placed it on the coat rack. She walked inside to see Bruce peer up from the rug, his ears drew back when he realized the person behind her. Bruce began to growl.

"No Bruce." She said

The Doberman stopped and grunted, laying back down on the rug, staring at Roman. Roman glanced around the apartment and smirked, "very nice."

Sasha turned around and looked at him, "Hm? Oh yeah, thanks."

Roman placed his hands in his pocket and leaned against the entrance to her room. He watched her as she took off her shoes and let down her hair. She turned to him, she could see something wrong with him, he fidgeted in his spot and slowly shook his head.

Sasha walked closer to him, "Roman? Are you okay?" she asked

Roman nodded, but took a step forward and nearly fell to the ground. Sasha quickly grabbed him and slowly lowered him to the ground.

She reached her hand up, wiping his hair from his face. Roman's features began to change back into Pennywise. He stared at her lap while she held him.

"I'm not as strong as I should be," he admitted

Sasha held him closer, fearing he might just disappear from her again. She looked down at him and he peered up at her.

"Do you need to rest?" she asked

Pennywise shook his head, "I don't rest the same way you do."

She looked at her bed and shrugged, "well can you at least try?"

Pennywise stared at her before allowing her to help him on the bed. He refused to lie down, instead he leaned against the cushioned bedframe. Sasha walked into the bathroom, leaving the door cracked open, she opened the medicine cabinet and took a few pills. Pennywise watched her as she changed into her pajamas. She had tiny shorts and a thin tank top on. She turned off the lights and noticed Pennywise staring at her, his head resting against the wall. She stopped at the entrance to the bathroom, they both stared at one another.

She held her arm and slowly made her way to the bed, sitting down at the end of it. It still seemed so unreal to have Roman there with her. She felt that it was a dream she would wake up to in the morning. He continued to watch her, she bit her lip and snapped her fingers, turning off the lights.

Sasha lied on the opposite side of the bed and covered herself, staring ahead of her. She could feel movement behind her and stiffened when two arms snaked around her waist and felt breathing on her neck. She relaxed in his arms and closed her eyes.

7. Crooked

I guess you could call this somewhat of a cross over. Hope your enjoying the story so far! :) I've started missing these two! So it feels good writing about them again.

Sasha opened her eyes, it was morning and she could see the rays of sunshine peek through the skylight. She stretched her body and reached her arm over to the side of the bed. She felt something firm lying aside her and shot her head to see what it was.

Bruce poked his head up and started wagging his tail, she sighed and rubbed his back. *It must have been a dream*, she thought.

"Good boy," she whispered before sitting up and walking over to the bathroom, she stopped when she noticed the rose out of its vase once again, sitting on the ledge of the bathtub. She picked it up and placed it back in the vase for the third time.

She looked up at the mirror and noticed another bite mark. Except this time, it was on her leg, Sasha brushed her fingers over the marks and hissed at the pain. She stepped into the shower to clean herself off and get ready.

She decided to put on a low cut long sleeved red shirt with black skinny jeans and matching boots. She left her hair loose hanging down her back, she stared at herself in the mirror. Almost hating what looked back at her. She put on some red lipstick and headed for the door to grab her coat. Her hand reached down to the handle and turned it, she stopped when she spotted a single red drop on the floor.

She shook her head and closed the door, heading down the stairs.

Sasha walked along the busy streets of New York, glancing around at the numerous buildings ahead. She came to a halt when she noticed one of the large libraries giving away some donated books. It was something she enjoyed doing, she would find pieces of literature to

buy and take back to her store. But today she came to visit someone in particular.

"Good morning Ms. Capello."

Sasha peered up at the old man and smiled, his name was Cornelius Thatcher, he was a retired history professor from Columbia University. Sasha had run into him a few times in her favorite coffee shop just across the road. He mentioned to her his background and since then Sasha would ask him questions about different subjects. They were odd, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Good morning Cornelius," she replied

He often wore very large glasses, it was funny since the first time she'd met him, those big eyes reminded her of Richie Tozier. He always dressed up no matter where he went and was a humble man.

"Have you come with questions?" he asked

Sasha smirked and shrugged, "A few."

He smiled and nodded, "then I suppose we should start our day off with some caffeine don't you think?"

She chuckled and agreed, "alright."

"Demonology, Black Magic, Religion?" he asked, taking a sip of his coffee

Sasha sat back in her seat.

"Now why would you want to read about that?" he asked

She glanced out the window and sipped her beverage, "I'm just curious I guess."

The old man pursed his lips in thought, Cornelius was a very scientific man, but he was open to learning new subjects even though he didn't necessarily believe in them, "Well, I don't personally have much knowledge on the matter, but I'll see what I can do."

She smiled at him, "thank you."

He waved his hand at her and shrugged, "Oh don't. I've got enough free time on my hands anyway."

Cornelius often spent his time in the library, he was a frequent visitor at her store, but Sasha enjoyed their time surrounded by endless aisles of books. Books she didn't normally have access to without him, the ones not usually given entry to by the public. People in his field respected him and it was unusual he'd prefer to associate himself with Sasha. Knowing who she was and what sort of lifestyle that came with it, but he acted as if it didn't even faze him.

They finished their coffee and made their way back to the library, Sasha was always taken aback by the size of the building. So much knowledge kept inside that people just walk past without a second thought.

He guided her to the more secluded section of the library and placed a good number of books on the table, she could tell they weren't used much when a cloud of dust slowly dissipated in the air once they were placed on the surface. Cornelius waved his hand around and coughed.

"Alright," he said, "let's get started."

About an hour passed by and both Sasha and Cornelius scanned different books. He flipped through the pages while Sasha watched him, it took a few minutes before he squinted and lifted his chin, "aha."

"What?" She asked

He cleared his throat, "A demonic entity can latch itself onto another living creature if the creature relating to has some sort of negative energy surrounding them. Demons can often enter through a mind subconsciously or consciously if there is enough negativity and violence to draw them in. Ultimately feeding them."

Sasha gave a look of confusion and opened her mouth, "So for an

entity to cling onto another person, they have to also be thinking about them too?" she asked

Cornelius nodded, "So to speak."

Sasha sat silent, Cornelius looked down at his watch and raised his brows.

"It seems I have to get going Sasha, you're welcome to continue reading if you'd like," he insisted

Sasha shook her head, "No that's alright, thank you Cornelius. I'll come back later on this week."

He smiled, "I'll be sure to have all your questions answered by then. I'll start reading as soon as I get home from my doctor's appointment."

She creased her forehead, "doctor?"

He nodded as he put his coat on, "Just a check-up, no need to worry," he winked and put his hat on, "Oh and Sasha, if you don't mind could you put these books back?"

"Sure," she smirked as she watched the older man happily make his way out of the building

She chuckled and stood up, picking up the different books about demonology, myths, and urban legends. She held onto a few when she picked up another large book and turning to the stairs walking down the narrow hall.

Sasha headed to the shelves and reached up for the book, accidentally dropping one on the ground.

"Shit," she muttered

The book landed face up on a page where it shows a picture of a large deformed man, she placed the rest of the books back and looked down. Kneeling over and reading the title.

The Crooked Man

Her eyes fell back onto the picture of a grotesque looking face with a twisted smile, his arms and legs were abnormally long and curved. She quickly picked up the book and shut it, putting it back on the shelf. Sasha turned her body to head for the stairs when the lights began to flicker, she glanced around the room and continued walking, except at a slower pace.

She stopped when she heard an odd noise come from behind, almost as if something was cracking, she stood still, not wanting to turn around.

"There was a *crooked* man..."

Sasha stopped breathing, she listened as the steps slowly got closer.

"He walked a *crooked* mile..."

His voice was demonic and raspy, Sasha couldn't move.

"He found a *crooked* sixpence, upon a *crooked* stile."

The steps were light and soft, despite his deep tone.

"He bought a *crooked* cat which caught a *crooked* mouse."

She looked to the ground and noticed a large shadow casting over her.

"And they all lived together in a little *crooked* house."

Sasha closed her eyes and took a breath, she quickly bolted for the stairs until something caught her leg and gasped.

"But the *crooked* man was sad.."

She looked down to see a long disgusting hand wrapped around her ankle. The man had a bowler hat on that covered his eyes, but his wide grin was visible. He held an umbrella in the other hand and leaned over, closer to her face.

"And once he had a thought."

She watched in horror as he stood inches from her face and sneered, "Why should he be crooked, when others, they were not?"

He whipped his umbrella forward, wrapping the crooked handle around Sasha's throat, she gagged and gasped for air.

"So, the *crooked* man set out to make a *crooked* earth."

She flinched back as his voice got deeper, "*Crooked* men and women, buried in crooked dirt."

"And the *crooked* man stepped forth and rang the *crooked* bell."

The heavy door above slammed shut and multiple lights pop, leaving nothing but darkness aside from the exit sign at the other end of the building. Sasha panted and stared at the door.

"And thus, his *crooked* soul, spiraled into a crooked *hell*."

"*Murdered!* His *crooked* family and *laughed!* A *crooked* laugh."

"All of you will suffer, all of my *crooked* wrath."

In the darkness Sasha looked at two green eyes looking back at her, she growled and kicked the figure down the steps. Teleporting on the other end of the building, suddenly the lights turned on and Sasha could see him standing crooked to the right side of the room. He twitched slightly and charged forward. Screaming as he reached out for her, Sasha rapidly charged through the emergency exit, setting off the alarm. The door shut and he stared through the window, the red emergency light flashing every five seconds. With each flash, two forms appeared.

The crooked man and another man with green eyes and silver hair. He smiled at her through the window and winked.

Sasha narrowed her eyes and turned back, quickly running off into the back alley.

8. Postmortem

Jimmy went through the different piles of paper on his desk, he ran his fingers through his hair and sighed.

"Jimmy."

He nearly jumped out of his seat when he heard Sasha's voice. His eyes looked up to see her, she was out of breath and standing at the closed entrance to his office.

"Sasha? What are you doing here? What happened?" he asked with concern

She walked closer to him and grabbed a half empty pack of cigarettes from the desk, taking one out and placing it in her mouth. Jimmy furrowed his brows as he stood, reaching into his pocket for the lighter and lighting the blunt. He watched her until she blew smoke out of her mouth.

She picked up packet with a paper clipped to it. A picture of a young man with green eyes and silver hair stared blankly at the camera, she inspected it. It was a mug shot, arrested for arson, homicide and assault. She tossed the packet back onto the desk and stared at Jimmy.

"I ran into him."

The young man frowned, "excuse me?"

Sasha took another drag from her cigarette, "he's here. On this side of the city."

Jimmy narrowed his eyes, "Where?"

"The library."

Knock

Knock

They both turned to see a blonde man poke his head inside the office, he had deep brown eyes and pale skin. He stopped when he noticed Sasha and smiled.

"I'm sorry Jim but the detective is here to see you," he stated

Jimmy groaned and rolled his eyes, "great," he muttered, "Have one of the men escort him up."

The blonde nodded and turned his head, issuing another worker to get the visitor. Jimmy popped his head back up and pointed to him, "Oh Sasha, this is Adam," he's part of my team that came in from Chicago."

Adam smiled and walked forward, he reached his arm up and Sasha noticed a tattoo peeking out from his rolled-up sleeve.

"Nice to meet you," he greeted

She shook his hand, "likewise."

Jimmy smiled, "this is who's going to be your very own personal body guard."

Sasha glared at Jimmy who continued to smile at her, "I don't need one."

He raised a brow and snickered, "you're not going anywhere by yourself. Especially after what you told me."

Adam looked up at Jimmy in confusion, "What happened?"

Jimmy looked at the blonde, "Aiden's been spotted on this end of the city."

Adam frowned and turned to Sasha, who continued smoking her cigarette while her eyes stared out the window.

"I'll have men head that way then," Adam said before turning and heading out the door.

Opening it to see Terry just on the other side, Adam looked at the

detective and smiled, walking past and heading downstairs. Terry froze when he noticed Sasha, she was leaning against the filing cabinet and turned her head to look at him.

Jimmy placed his hands in his pocket and smiled, "Walker, to what do we owe the pleasure?" he asked

Terry looked back to Jimmy and walked inside, "Hello Mr. Darrow, Sasha, I just wanted to let you know there's been another killing we think is Romanoff's doing, just a few blocks from here. We need you to come down to the morgue and identify who the body might be."

Sasha blew out smoke and placed the cigarette in the ash tray, her cold eyes scanned Terry. He shifted his eyes from Jimmy to her every few seconds. Jimmy looked to Sasha and sighed, knowing she would have to come with.

"We have a car waiting outside," Terry stated

Jimmy shook his head, "That's alright, we'll follow you."

Terry nodded before looking over to Sasha once again and leaving the room. Jimmy smirked and turned to her, "He really likes you."

She rolled her eyes, "How do you figure?"

He stepped over to grab his coat, "You kidding? You could practically smell the pheromones off the man's body when he looks at you."

Sasha, Jimmy and Adam stepped inside the car, ordering the driver to follow Walker's vehicle. Sasha noticed Adam glance at Jimmy who drew his attention quickly to Sasha.

"Did he hurt you?" he asked her

Sasha looked at him, "No."

"Good."

Sasha turned her head to look out the window.

"I remember Jonathan telling me he was cast out at a young age."

Jimmy sneered, "He was an embarrassment to the family."

Sash turned to him, "Why?"

"He hates half breeds, so he would go out and start killing them off. Clearly daddy didn't like that and exiled his only real son," he replied

He looked over at her, "which is when he decided to take you and John in. And he hated that, Romanoff tried to perfect the ultimate child by turning you into what he wanted Aiden to be."

She sat confused, lifting her hand to subconsciously hold pieces of her silver hair.

"Your technically his sister."

Sasha swallowed, "But if his father rejected him, why is he seeking revenge?"

Jimmy shrugged, "His ego plays a large part of what he does and if he kills off the rest of his competitors, he'll have full control of everything. Which means, getting rid of you and that can't happen."

She stared at him and leaned her head back on the seat, looking up at the skyscrapers above. They drove up to the police station and slowed the vehicle.

Sasha poked her head up and turned to Jimmy, "What kind of demon is he?" she asked

The car stopped and the driver stepped out to open the door, Jimmy sat up in his seat.

"The demon of fear."

Terry led the three down towards the morgue, Sasha could smell the formaldehyde when the door opened. A blue tinted contrast of the room gave an eerie feeling inside, the temperature was colder too. Adam stayed by the door to guard it and watched Jimmy and Sasha

head over to the autopsy table.

There was a blanket over a few lumpy pieces underneath, Terry nudged his head and the diener lifted the thin cloth. They stood in shock as there was no body at all, instead bits and pieces of body parts laid across the table.

Jimmy looked over to Terry, "I thought you needed me to identify a body, there's barely anything here to identify."

"We have to work with what we have Mr. Darrow."

Sasha narrowed her eyes and noticed a dismembered finger near a few other limbs, on it was a ring engraved with Romanoff's initials. This was one of Romanoff's workers, so she didn't understand why Aiden would kill them.

"He's not one of our workers," she stated

Both Terry and Jimmy looked down at her, she continued to inspect the body parts. They looked as if they had been bitten off by something... or someone.

"Aiden's short on help, why would he kill his own men?" Jimmy asked

"Because maybe it wasn't him who did it," she answered dryly

The two men stood confused as they stared at the young woman, "What, another killer?" Terry asked

Jimmy looked down at a piece of what he suspected to be a torso, there was black sludge on the body.

"Where was this body found?" Jimmy asked

Terry placed his hand in his pocket, "Near the sewers."

9. Breadcrumbs

"Adam will be outside of your apartment, keeping watch," Jimmy said, sitting on the other end of the car seat.

Sasha looked at Adam, who gave a small smile, she glanced down at the floor of the vehicle. Adam sat up in his seat, "I'll try to stay out of your way Ms. Capello, I know you want your space."

She looked up to him and smiled.

They drove up to the bar and she stepped out along with the other two behind her. Jimmy placed his hand on her back, "go on out the back, Adam will be waiting for you in the car."

She stood silent for a few moments before nodding and walking inside the building. Jimmy didn't say anything until they were near the back, "that, guy you were with in Maine... He didn't have anything to do with Jonathan's death did he?" he asked suspiciously

She raised a brow, "Absolutely not. Why would you think that?"

His eyes remained focused ahead as he shrugged, "I just wasn't sure why you always refuse to talk about him."

She took a breath and shook her head, "He didn't hurt me or Jonathan."

He glanced down at her, inspecting her face, "did he kill Romanoff?"

They both ended up at the exit to the bar, Sasha stared at him and sighed, "He saved me."

Jimmy stared at her and pursed his lips, "I see."

Sasha didn't like that Jimmy gave such short answers, as if insinuating Roman was responsible for Jonathan's death. Or being a threat to her, she shrank at the thought, Roman wouldn't do that, he wouldn't hurt her. *Right?*

Adam drove up in the back alley and Jimmy looked back down at

Sasha, he gave a small smile and pinched her chin.

"Go on," he ordered

She paused before walking over to the car.

"Sasha?"

She turned her head back to wait for Jimmy to speak. He placed his hands in his pocket, "Didn't you say Romanoff was killed in the sewers?"

She bit her lip and shifted her eyes before answering, "Something like that."

Jimmy nodded slowly and turned his body back inside, "Have a good night Sasha."

Sasha stared out the window, she had this feeling in the pit of her stomach that didn't sit well. Wondering why Jimmy was asking these questions, he didn't know Roman the way she did. She only hoped what she saw was a dream, if Roman was awake and he wasn't supposed to be, it could mean he could be in danger too.

They passed the streets and Sasha's head shot up quickly when she spotted a red balloon floating from a sewer drain on the side of the road. She looked in the back window of the car, it lightly blew in the wind before flying up into the sky.

"Are you okay Ms. Capello?" Adam asked

She looked up to see Adam's eyes in the rearview mirror, "I'm fine Adam."

The stopped at a red light, "Alright."

There was an awkward pause.

"How do you know Jimmy?" she asked

Adam was visually happy at the sound of Jimmy's name, "we've

known each other since we were kids."

Sasha continued to watch him.

"He's one of my closest friends," he confessed

She quirked her head, "he's never mentioned you before."

Adam frowned, "It's a bit complicated."

"Uh huh," she drawled, "okay then."

Adam smiled at her and continued driving.

They pulled up to her apartment and turned to open his door. Sasha placed her hand on his shoulder, "That's alright Adam, I can let myself out."

The blonde looked at her and nodded. She stepped out of the car and looked down at him, he smiled up at her, "If you need me, you have the tracker Jimmy gave you, there should be an emergency alarm on there. Press it if something's wrong, I'll be right outside."

She smirked and agreed, "I got it. Thank you Adam."

"Your welcome Ms. Capello," he said

She scrunched her face, "You don't have to be so formal Adam, I'm not that old. You can call me Sasha."

The shaggy blonde nodded before driving his vehicle on the other side of the apartment building.

Sasha unlocked the gate leading up to her apartment, she locked it behind her and walked up the stairs, opening the door to Bruce, sitting by the door, waiting for her.

She glanced around in confusion, "You okay Bruce?" she asked

The Doberman winced and fidgeted in his seat, licking her hand as she knelt to rub his face. He then shook himself off and trotted into

the other room. Sasha furrowed her brows when she noticed he was making paw prints. She leaned over and placed two fingers on the liquid, bringing them up to her face.

It looked like blood?

Sasha stood up and over to the living room, looking around for Bruce, but he was gone.

"Bruce?"

She looked around and turned her body, Bruce was sitting over near the bedroom. There was a trail of blood leading underneath her bed, Sasha grabbed a gun and cautiously wandered over to the room. Bruce wagged his tail as he watched her bend over, pointing the gun at the bed.

She grabbed the sheets and closed her eyes, taking a breath before throwing the sheet over. She peered underneath the bed, but there was no one there, just a puddle of what she suspected to be blood smeared across her floor. Bruce whined and licked his jaws, trotting into the shadows.

"Bruce?" she asked

She lowered her gun and took a step forward. She shouted out when something grabbed her leg and roughly dragged her underneath the bed, hitting the side of her face on the wooden floor. She lifted her gun, but it was slapped out of her hand as it skidded across the floor into the bathroom.

She reached down for the panic button until a hand grabbed her wrist while another clasped over her mouth. She looked up to see Pennywise smiling down at her in glee, blood and drool drenched his collar, all the way down his torso. He smiled like iron.

She stared at him in shock, he giggled while he showed his crooked buck teeth that were stained with drips of blood. He opened his mouth to make a surprised face as he saw a bruise forming on Sasha's cheek. She had blood on her skin all over her and she cringed.

Pennywise leaned over and licked some blood off of her skin, she

flinched and let out a heated breath through her nose. He grinned took his hand off of her mouth.

She remained quiet as she stared at him, her face and body slowly relaxing.

"It was real," she whispered to herself

Pennywise gave a look of confusion and placed his long gloved hand on the side of her face, propping her head up to better look at him.

"I thought we've been through this already?" he chuckled

Sasha sighed in relief and shook her head, "where have you been?"

The clown watched her, "I was hungry."

Sasha looked around at the blood on the floor and narrowed her eyes, "this better not be child's blood Roman," she threatened

Pennywise feigned hurt and grinned mischievously, "I'm on a diet from children."

"For now," he winked

She grimaced at his words which only amused him further. She fidgeted in her spot, but he didn't move, he didn't seem to care about her discomfort and smiled, dropping his head and kissing her fervently. Sasha kissed him back, closing her eyes, falling in a trance every time he touched her. She stopped when she tasted blood and drew her head back, he watched her.

"What's the matter? You don't like me?" he joked

Sasha rolled her eyes, "You're covered in blood and spit."

The clown chuckled and leaned in closer, "I think we both know you don't mind the taste."

She stared at him while he let a high pitched giggle and forcefully kissed her again. Sasha couldn't keep her body from reacting the way it did and kissed him back. He let his hands wander down her body

while hers held his face. He grunted when she softly bit his tongue and she could feel him respond to it by pressing himself on her body tighter that she was nearly being crushed by his large body. But she didn't seem to care, instead held onto him firmly. The two broke the kiss when three quick knocks were heard from the front door.

Knock

Knock

Knock

"Sasha? I heard a scream. Are you alright?"

10. Lust

Okay! I just wanted to remind you that there will be sexual/mature content throughout this story and this would be one of those chapters where it has it. You have been warned and if you don't like that stuff please skip it!

Sasha could hear a low growl vibrating through Pennywise' chest as he stared at the door. She placed her hand on his chest and pushed herself out from underneath the bed. She stopped when she felt his hand still holding onto her wrist. She leaned down and furrowed her brows in confusion at him, his frown suddenly turned into a smile as he let her go, she tripped back fell onto the floor.

She grunted and glared at him, 'really?' she mouthed

He grinned from underneath the bed and watched as she stood up.

"Sasha?" Adam called out

She turned her head and opened her mouth, "Uh, I'm okay Adam!"

There was no sound heard from behind the door for a few moments. "Can you open the door?" he asked

Sasha shut her eyes in frustration; she could hear Roman's mocking giggles in the background. She stood up and headed for the door, looking at the mirror hanging from the wall. She wiped the blood from her face, but there was too much to clean with just her sleeve. She turned the handle and cracked the door open, peeking through the opening to see Adam staring at her with concern.

He could see her green eyes, but that was it. "Uh, is everything alright?" he asked with uncertainty

Sasha opened the door a little more, "yeah, everything's fine. I just uh. Tripped over the chair walking in, it was dark and I couldn't see anything."

Adam narrowed his eyes at her in suspicion, but slowly nodded,

"okay. I just wanted to make sure nothing was wrong."

She shook her head and smiled, looking back at the bedroom. Her eyes moved back to Adam and she gasped, the blonde looked at her confused. Pennywise stood behind him with his mouth open, almost in a trance as he stared at Adam in hunger.

Sasha quickly opened the door entirely and welcomed Adam in, "See? Everything's fine."

The blonde stepped inside, Pennywise frowned and glared at Sasha, she ignored him. She was just worried about the mess inside her apartment but the blonde didn't seem to notice any of it. Just a clean apartment, he looked back at Sasha, seeing a bruise on her cheek.

Sasha stood just as bewildered as he did; she looked down at her clothes to see nothing on them... no blood or saliva. Adam shook his head and smiled, "Sorry Sasha. I thought you were in trouble."

She looked up at him and shrugged, "It's alright Adam, you're just doing your job, I understand."

The blonde gave a small smile and headed back down the stairs, the clown was gone. Sasha made sure he left the gate and quickly shut the door. She sighed in relief and turned around. She stopped to see Roman leaning against the bedroom doorframe with his arms crossed.

"Where did the blood go?" she asked

Roman raised a brow, "What blood?"

Sasha ran her fingers through her hair and sighed, "never mind. I don't want to know."

He smiled at her, watching her as she walked over to the opposite end of the room. They both stared at one another.

They stood quiet, neither of them deciding to move.

"Why did you kill one of Aiden's workers?" she asked

At this, Roman grinned, "What makes you think I had anything to do with that?"

Sasha shook her head, "I'm not an idiot."

"I never said you were."

Another long pause of silence.

He shifted in his spot and sighed, "He was following you," he confessed

"Besides, I like the way they taste."

She raised a brow, "The way they taste?"

Roman took one large step closer to her, "I feel stronger when I eat your kind."

Sasha slowly took a step back, but Roman continued to walk to her. He looked hungry and she knew when he was like this, there was always some kind of punishment that followed. He stopped and stared down at her, his mouth agape and his eyes glowing. He was tall enough that her head was barely leveled with his chest.

Roman's hand cupped her chin as he leaned over to smell her hair, he closed his eyes and inhaled her scent. Sasha remained still, she could feel him grip her arms tighter and growl, "your nothing but trouble little girl."

He shoved her into the wall, knocking her head against the solid surface. It didn't hurt but Sasha winced anyway, Roman lowered his head and brushed his lips against the crook of her neck, he knew that was a sensitive spot for her and every time he touched it, he could feel her tremble underneath him. Roman smirked at how much control he had over her. Sasha closed her eyes as his hand trailed from her hip to her breast and finally up to her neck, squeezing it.

"But I'll make good use of you," he whispered

She opened her eyes and looked at him in confusion, not understanding what he meant by that. He forced her face to look up

to him and grinned, his blue eyes pierced hers. Closing in and kissing her lips, Sasha jumped when he bit down on her lip, making it bleed, she tried to push him away but Roman wouldn't move and instead gripped her harder.

She clamped her eyes shut and tried to ignore the pain, whimpering and squirming in his grasp. Roman pressed her against the wall where she could barely breathe. He broke the kiss and stared at her, Sasha noticed his eyes change to a gold color. She panted as he did, blood dripping from both their mouths. Roman stared at her, he snarled and picked her small body up from the ground.

Sasha gasped and held onto him while he walked over to the bed and threw her on the cushions, shutting the door behind him. She plopped down and scooted away from him, she turned back to see the clown staring down at her. He chuckled and reached over to grab her leg and pull her towards him. She grunted as he crawled over her, he reached down for her shirt and pulled it off her, revealing a black lace bra underneath. He smiled when he saw the scar he'd made three years ago in the cistern.

Sasha didn't like the way he was acting, "Roman?"

Pennywise dismissed her words and lowered his hand to pull down her pants, so that her entire body was covered by only her bra and panties. Pennywise stared at her body, it was small but toned and had a sort of glow to it. He lifted his hand and placed it on her stomach, looking up at her and pulling his hand lower to her panties. Sasha quickly grabbed his arm, Pennywise growled and held her arm above her head.

He leaned over and licked just above her breast, Sasha jerked her body when he clamped his teeth down tightly into her skin. Sucking the blood from her body, she squirmed again under him and he roughly held her down, Sasha could tell this annoyed him. His head turned up to her, blood dripped from his mouth.

"Take it off," he ordered

Sasha bit her lip, he was staring at her in such a demoralizing manner. She slowly took off her bra and slid down her underwear.

She shivered at the air hitting her bare skin, Pennywise stared at her body and picked her arm up, taking off her glove and grinning at her tattoo.

"I always admired this," he spoke more to himself rather than her

He then pressed her hand back down and lowered his head, his claws grew and he scratched her body, making her wince again. He seemed to relish the taste of blood, her entire body was covered in it now. He licked his lips and saw Sasha clench her jaw and squeeze her eyes shut. He paused before licking up blood from her stomach and lowering himself down between her thighs.

Sasha opened her eyes and gasped when she felt his tongue wander around until finally sliding inside her vagina. She arched her back, feeling his long tongue flicker in and out, she lightly shook and reached her free hand combing through his orange hair. He shot his hand up and placed it underneath her bottom, lifting it up for better access. He continued licking until her legs started tightening around his neck and he could hear her moan loudly as she came.

She relaxed her body on the bed, her legs hanging over his shoulders as she panted. She stared up at the ceiling and felt Pennywise crawl back over her, biting into her neck, her head dropped while her free hand held his ruffled sleeve. Sasha felt dizzy, she lost so much blood.

Her head rested on the bed as she slowly closed her eyes, the last thing she felt was Roman's teeth on her skin and hair in her face.

11. Snake

Sasha woke up in pain, she carefully stretched her arms and reluctantly opened her eyes. It was barely morning and She could see the sun peaking over the horizon. She turned her head and noticed a few bruises on her wrist, she looked down to see Bruce resting aside of her. She was covered with the large blanket on her bed. She slowly lifted herself up and winced at the soreness in her body.

The entire apartment was silent, she rubbed her eyes and jumped when she saw Roman sitting in a chair in the corner of the room, watching her. She dropped her eyes to the ground, holding the sheet up to cover herself. She didn't say anything and heard Roman stand up and walk over to her, kneeling in front of her legs. He scanned her body with the many bruises and healing bite marks on her skin.

He lifted a hand and she flinched, he recoiled it quickly. She continued to stare at the ground.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

Ring

Ring

Sasha looked over to the nightstand and picked up the phone, putting it to her ear.

"Yes?"

'Sasha, I need you to come down here.'

"For?"

Jimmy noticed her short remarks but continued, *'We have one of Aiden's men here.'*

Sasha sat silent and hung up the phone.

Roman stared at her, "Sasha."

She didn't look at him instead, hesitantly stood up, he tried to help her up but she shot her hand up to block his touch, "Don't. I got it."

Roman frowned angrily but didn't do anything besides stand up and watch her head inside the bathroom. She shut the door behind her, he knew she understood he could come inside even if the door was locked but decided not to. Sasha could see him standing outside her door, waiting for her to finish. He heard Bruce growl at him from behind and he looked at the dog with a passive glare.

Sasha put on another long sleeved black shirt with her form fitting worn jeans and black boots. She left her hair loose once again and put a scarf on to hide the marks on her neck. She opened the door to see Roman standing just on the other side as she expected. She stared at him before walking past, he turned and grabbed her arm, she hissed at the pain and he swiftly let her go.

Sasha rubbed her arm and leaned over to pick up her coat. She headed for the door and stopped, turning her head to the side. Roman walked into the living room and followed her.

"I'll be back," was all she said before leaving the apartment

He sneered and clenched his fists, his eyes starting to glow yellow once again.

"Where did you find him?" she asked

"He attacked some of our men last night," he answered

They walked down to the basement of the bar.

Sasha rubbed the back of her neck and Jimmy spotted a large bruise poking out from underneath her scarf.

He stopped and narrowed his eyes, "where'd you get that?"

Sasha looked at him and shrugged, "Bruce jumped on me."

Jimmy watched her, "right."

He turned and opened the door to a small soundproof room just below the building. There was a scrawny dirty blonde with a gag in his mouth. He looked very unkempt and dirty with a bloody nose and a gash on the top of his head.

"This son of a bitch killed two of my guys," Jimmy sneered

Adam stood behind the man. Jimmy snapped his fingers and Adam ripped the gag from his mouth. He growled and tried to free himself from the bonds, but the devils trap below him prevented him from moving any further.

"Where's your boss?" Jimmy asked

The man smirked, "it's too late. He's here and he'll be coming for you," he pointed to Sasha, "soon enough."

She stared at him with cold eyes. Jimmy walked over and ripped his shirt open, there was a tattoo of a snake on his chest.

Jimmy scoffed, "lovely."

"What?" She asked

He shook his head and sighed, "Pytho."

Sasha watched him, *Demon of Lies*

Jimmy leaned over and stared at the man, "I'm not gonna' ask you again."

The demon spit in Jimmy's face. He closed his eyes and dropped his head, pursing his lips and nodded, "alright." He pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face, "Sasha."

The young woman walked up to him and slammed her fist into his face. The man shouted at the sudden blow and glared up at her.

Jimmy threw the cloth on the ground, "You remember now?"

The man only sneered at them, "fuck you."

Jimmy shrugged, "Suit yourself," he looked to Sasha who smirked

She looked down at the man, pulling out her knife and holding it in front of his face. His breaths quickened as he watched her tease the blade on his skin. Sasha rammed the blade into his thigh and he screeched in pain.

Jimmy leaned against the wall with his arms crossed, "what about now?"

The man struggled in his seat, beads of sweat starting to fall down his face. He snarled and hissed, "You disgusting fucking half breed!"

Sasha narrowed her eyes and slid the blade down his leg, showing pieces of muscle and tendons pulling apart as she did. Luckily the room was underground, because the volume of his screams were high. Sasha ripped the blade out and held it above him.

"Alright! Alright! I'll tell you just fucking stop! Please!" he shouted

Adam glanced at Jimmy and Sasha lowered her blade.

"I'm listening," he said

The man dropped his head as he panted, watching the blood drip to the dirt floor.

"The docks," he said breathlessly, "he's at the docks."

Jimmy watched him, "Thank you."

He looked up to Adam, who pulled out his blade and pierced the man's heart from the back. His eyes stared at Sasha and Jimmy before fading into black dust.

Jimmy looked to Adam, "Take her home."

Sasha furrowed her brows, "Home?"

Jimmy nodded and headed out the door, "Your insane if you think

you're coming with."

Sasha walked ahead and blocked Jimmy from leaving, "So I'm just going to sit around in a safehouse while I have everyone else fight for me?"

Jimmy stared at her, "Sasha, he wants you, the dumbest thing to do is hand you over on a silver platter. No, you're not coming."

He looked back to Adam, "Call detective walker and let his department know to send men to the docks."

Adam nodded and headed up the steps. Sasha growled and pushed past him, he quickly reached for her arm, she hissed at the pain. He lifted her sleeve to show a red bite mark on her skin.

He walked up to her, "I know this wasn't Bruce."

She looked back at Jimmy and snatched her arm back, "Don't touch me."

He frowned, "Who did this to you?" he asked

She remained quiet. He shook his head in aggravation, "Was it *him*?"

Sasha knew he meant Roman, but once again stood silent. She was too frustrated with everything right now to even speak.

Jimmy sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, "This guy wasn't human, was he?"

Sasha stared at the ground, she slowly shook her head. He placed his hands in his pockets and leaned over to look at Sasha's face.

"Where is he?" he asked

Sasha shrugged, "gone."

Jimmy knew she was lying, but ended the conversation and ushered her for the stairs.

Jimmy and Sasha walked outside of the bar and headed for the car, he opened the door for Sasha and she stepped inside. He propped his arm on the car roof, "Call me when you get home."

She stared at him and agreed, leaning back in the seat. He leaned in closer, "As soon as you walk in the door."

She rolled her eyes, "alright."

Jimmy reminded her a lot of Jonathan, always protective and caring. He tapped on the roof and Adam turned to Jimmy, he winked and Jimmy smiled. The car pulled out of alley and drove down the street. He watched them until the car turned the corner and was out of sight.

"Sir, Detective Walker's on the line."

Jimmy turned his head and walked inside the bar.

Sasha looked out the window, she watched the people walk along the sidewalk and rest her chin on her hand. Staring blankly at the outside world. Her eyes shot up to the large cathedral she'd visited earlier that week.

"I want to make a quick stop."

12. Big Brother

Adam frowned when he realized Sasha meant she wanted to go inside the church. He pulled over and she stepped out of the car.

"I can't go in there with you Sasha," he said

She turned back to him, "It's alright, I'll only be a minute."

Adam watched her and frowned. He sighed and pulled into the alley next to the cathedral. Sasha glanced around, she figured she would be okay since there were plenty of witnesses around. She stood in front of the doors before taking a breath and opening one of the large doors.

She peeked inside, the church was empty this time and Sasha slowly walked down the aisle towards the front of the Cathedral. Her eyes fell onto the Jesus statue once again, she stared at it.

"Hello again."

She turned her head to see the old priest smiling at her, he was carrying holy water. Sasha backed away from him in fear and he frowned, looking down at the basin in his hands. He looked to her and slowly placed it on the altar.

Sasha frowned, "I don't mean to barge in on you."

He waved his hand, "Oh nonsense. I rarely ever get company here believe it or not."

She smiled, "I –"

"Have questions, I know," he smiled

Sasha stared at him before asking, "You said anyone can be saved, right?"

The priest nodded

"Well...What about those who don't know they want to be saved?"

The priest raised his chin, "I take it this is someone you wish to save?" He asked

She stood quiet.

The older man sighed and raised his bushy white brows, "Hm, well, I don't suppose this is someone you love?"

Sasha visibly cringed, "What is love going to do?"

The priest softened his eyes, "Every soul deserves love. Love always protects, always trusts, always hopes and always preserves."

His words echoed in Sasha's ears, but she couldn't understand how love was going to solve her problems. Roman didn't love, she was fairly certain he didn't even know how to. Of course, she loved Jonathan and Bruce, but this was different. This sort of love was something foreign to her.

"How do you know what that is?" she asked

The priest gave a look of sorrow at Sasha and she didn't like it, she hated pity from others, "This is how we know what love is; Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. And we ought to do the same for our brothers and sisters."

Sasha stood puzzled, "I don't understand."

"Love is not just words or speech, but with actions and truth. If they truly love you, they will show you," he replied

She tried to comprehend his philosophy. But couldn't seem to grasp the idea of it.

"There is no fear in love child. Remember that."

Her eyes looked up to his and he smiled at her. She gave a soft smile back and looked to the exit on the far side of the building.

She glanced back at him and lightly bowed her head, "thank you father."

He smiled and watched as she headed for the exit.

Sasha opened the door and looked around for Adam, she spotted the car in the back alley. The car door was ajar. She stopped and cautiously walked over towards the vehicle, Adam was missing. She backed away into something firm.

Sasha quickly turned her body and met red eyes of a demon staring down at her. She tried to run but was quickly caught and held onto. Two others walked out from the shadows, they tied her up and gagged her. She kicked at them trying to push them away and hissed, her green eyes beginning to glow.

She looked around until something heavy was lashed across her head and everything went dark.

Sasha could hear voices in front of her, she slowly opened her eyes and glanced up. There were four men standing around her. She looked to her left to see Adam staring at her, he was gagged and beaten. She tried to release herself from the binding she was in but realized she was in a Devil's Trap, so there was no use in even trying. They were in what looked like an abandoned building on the far side of town.

The men all laughed at her, but stopped when she heard a voice come from behind.

"It's about time we properly meet."

Sasha stopped and looked ahead of her, listening to their footsteps coming closer. She watched as a tall man walked in front of her. He dressed in the same manner as his father, very clean cut and dapper whereas his men were not. They backed away from him, he smirked down at Sasha, kneeling in front of her.

"Hello little sis," he grinned

She narrowed her eyes at him and growled. He gave a puzzled look and reached up to take the fabric out of her mouth.

"What was that? Were you going to say hello to your big brother?" he asked

"You are *not* my brother," she hissed

Aiden nodded and agreed, "That's right, my father disposed of Jonathan. Good riddance."

She glowered at him and he chuckled, "Though I have to admit we do have incredible similarities wouldn't you agree?"

She didn't respond, he stood up and stared down at her. His mouth twitched and roughly slapped her hard across the face, busting her lip open and dropping her head to the side. He gripped a clump of her hair and pulled her face up to look at him.

"Where is he?" he asked

Sasha only stared at him, "who?"

Aiden rolled his eyes and scoffed, "you know exactly who."

She spit blood in his face and Aiden visibly cringed and backed away, wiping the blood off.

"You disgusting whore!" he hissed

Aiden pulled out his gun and aimed it for Sasha's head, "You have till the count of three bitch."

Adam jumped forward in his seat at the sight of the gun aimed at Sasha. Aiden rolled his eyes, "Wait your turn faggot."

Sasha glared at him.

"One."

...

He cocked the gun

.....

"Two."

...

"Help!"

Aiden and his men looked around in suspicion at the sound of a voice coming from the hall.

"Help me please!"

Aiden began to grin as he ushered his men to head out of the room towards the source of the sound.

"There you are," he whispered to himself

13. Guardian

Aiden glanced back at Sasha and smiled, "He has impeccable timing."

She sneered at him as he walked slowly towards the exit of the large room, he didn't seem intimidated as he watched his men. They pointed their guns and knives at the darkness of the building. There was no electricity and the only light source came from broken windows and their tactical lights.

Aiden lifted a finger, they stopped and stared at him as he listened. One of the guards was suddenly dragged into a room, slamming the door behind him. Aiden's men quickly looked around and pointed their guns at the room. There was loud screaming coming from inside, but silence soon followed.

Adam could see Sasha reach into her back pocket, pulling out the tracker nearly dropping it. They both sighed in relief as she clamped onto the device. Aiden turned his head to look at Sasha, both prisoners stared at him. He narrowed his eyes but turned his body back to the hall.

"Come out, come out wherever you are!" he shouted out in amusement

They could hear a giggle echo throughout the corridor. They all stopped and pointed their guns down the hall. Each door started slamming shut starting from the end of the hall, the workers all backed away slowly.

'Crooked.'

Aiden listened as he watched Pennywise' head gracefully appear from the shadows. Aiden lowered his head. The clown began to grin, his eyes glowing yellow.

"Crooked little boy."

Aiden scowled and pulled his gun up, aiming it for the clown and shooting into the darkness. Pennywise disappeared and cackled.

He growled and shoved his men, "shoot him!"

They began shooting bullets at nothing. Aiden could hear his laughter, suddenly all the doors opened at once, there was no light inside and one by one it pulled Aiden's men into one of the rooms until there was only one left. He backed away into Aiden who looked angry, he gripped onto his guard's collar and sneered, "You'll have a lot more to be afraid of if you don't do your job."

The man stared at him before turning on his heel and reluctantly walk down the hallway. Shining his light into the rooms. There was silence as he walked through and finally ended up at the end of the hall where there were two separate lobbies leading into separate areas of the building. The man shakily pointed his light into the halls, he jumped when a rat ran across the room. He let out a breath and turned to Aiden, who stared at something behind him.

The guard smiled, "He's gone."

The guard then heard a low snicker, he stiffened when he realized it was coming from behind him. He whipped his light around and stared at a bloody clown with a sharp grin staring at him. The guard tried to shoot at Pennywise before he opened his mouth and bit off his hand. He cried in pain and turned to run back in Aiden's direction.

"Help me!" he shouted

Aiden raised a brow and continued to watch as the clown dragged him into the darkness. There was a scream and mushy, crackling sounds. Aiden groaned in frustration and turned back to Sasha, he glanced behind her and noticed the small mechanism in her hands. He gritted his teeth and grabbed the tracker, throwing it out the window and turning to grip her collar.

She smirked at him, "Your out of time. They're already coming."

Aiden stood up and shook his head, he then slapped her across the face. Sasha licked the blood off her lips and glanced up at him. Aiden could hear police sirens and voices outside the building, he turned to leave the room until he spotted Bruce standing just outside the door,

growling at him. He rolled his eyes and backed away from the Doberman.

Bruce walked in front of Sasha protectively, Aiden raised his hands in a surrendering position. He sighed and grinned, "Dasvidaniya Sasha."

They watched as Aiden disappeared from the room. Bruce turned back around to wag his tail at his owner, Sasha looked down at him, "Good boy."

"Sasha!"

Sasha saw Jimmy run over towards her and Adam, he wiped the Devil's Trap from the floor. Adam freed himself from the ropes and ungagged himself.

Terry and five officers searched the halls until walking inside the room. Terry's eyes widened when he saw the condition Sasha was in, he hurried over towards her. Jimmy helped her up while the young detective reached over for her.

"Are you alright Sasha?" he asked worriedly

She rubbed her cheek and nodded, "I'm fine."

Jimmy clenched his fists, turning to his men, "Search every single room in this building."

Adam walked over to Jimmy who stared at him, "Are you alright Adam?"

Adam nodded at him and smiled, "I'm alright."

They stared at one another before Terry spoke up, "We can take you to the hospital Sasha."

The woman quickly shook her head and disagreed, "No I don't need a hospital."

Jimmy looked over at Terry and lightly pulled Sasha to the other side of the room, he moved closer to her, "Did he say anything about where he might have gone?"

She shook her head, "No, he just vanished."

Jimmy looked up at the hall, "Did he have others with him."

"We've got a body over here!" one of the officers shouted

Jimmy looked down to Sasha, "He was here wasn't he?"

Sasha stared at him before nodding. Jimmy fixed her hair and dusted her shoulder off, "Maybe you should go to the hospital."

Sasha gave a look of confusion, "What for?"

He sighed, "Your still half human, you may be able to heal yourself physically, But, mentally you can't, that's the one thing that can still be damaged."

She scoffed, "My mental state is fine."

He stood silent and placed a hand on her back, "Home it is then."

They headed for the exit until an officer stopped them, "She'll need to be taken in for questioning."

Jimmy grimaced, "I think she's been through enough for today."

Terry walked over and placed a hand on the officer's shoulder, "That's alright Brown, let them go."

Walker looked at Jimmy, "We can do that tomorrow," his eyes shifted to Sasha, "You can go home Sasha."

Jimmy thanked the detective and left the building. Bruce trotting past the officers and following behind.

Jimmy drove through the streets of New York, "Can I at least know his name?"

Sasha rubbed Bruce's head as he laid on her lap, she looked up out the window into the blue sky.

"Roman."

He continued to watch the street, "So I take it he's the one who's been doing the killing."

She didn't answer but he knew the answer, "What is he Sasha?"

Bruce looked up at her and panted, licking her face. She shrugged, "I don't know."

He furrowed his brows, "You don't know?"

She rolled her eyes, "It's complicated."

Jimmy decided to leave the conversation there. Knowing he wasn't going to get anything else from Sasha.

"I guess I know the same feeling."

She looked at him and he smiled.

14. Answer Me

They pulled up to Sasha's apartment, Jimmy turned to her while putting the car in park.

"Adam will be here later, Terry decided to take him in so that you could come home."

He pointed to the Doberman, "You have Bruce to watch you."

Bruce perked his ears up at the sound of his name. Sasha smirked down at him and patted his back. He watched as Sasha and Bruce hopped out of the vehicle.

He poked his head out of the window, "We have men over at the docks. So far all we've found were guns and empty tunnels."

Sasha quirked her head, "leading where?"

Jimmy stared at her until she understood what he was talking about. She scoffed and shook her head, "he's not going to find anything."

Jimmy watched her as she walked up into her apartment. He put the car in drive and looked up at the large casement windows. He stopped and looked closer, he could see two gold eyes peeking through. Jimmy blinked and they were one, he glanced around wondering if he was seeing correctly.

Bruce scurried into the bedroom to grab his bone, Sasha dropped her coat on the chair. She looked around the apartment but it was empty, she sighed and headed for the bathroom. She closed the door and stepped in the shower.

Sasha let the water fall over her body as she stared at water flow down the drain. She washed herself up and turned the shower off, it was foggy due to the humidity of the warm water and Sasha reached out for a towel. She finally felt the cloth and wrapped it around her body and stepped out. She hissed when she stepped on something sharp.

Her eyes glanced down to see a red rose on the tile, she leaned over to pick it up and head into the bedroom. Sasha stopped when she could see someone sitting on the armchair in the living room, looking out the glass balcony windows. Roman watched the city and the many people below by the Riverwalk. There were children running and laughing below and she noticed him staring at them in particular.

Sasha slowly made her way into the living room, drips of water falling down her body. Roman didn't look at her, but she knew he could hear her. She looked down at the kids, having entirely different thoughts about them than he did.

She swallowed and decided to speak first, "What are you?"

She could see Roman turn his head, he stared at the floor while the side of his face was visible. She walked closer to him, sitting down on the foot stool in front of him.

He looked her over, "Whatever I want to be."

She frowned at him, "What's the real you?"

Roman looked out the window, he was surprisingly calm, "You don't want to know."

What kind of answers were these? She thought. But as she thought more about it, maybe he was right, maybe she didn't want to know.

"Why are you Roman when you're with me?" she asked

Roman looked back down at her, "Because you want me to be."

"I never told you that," she replied

"You didn't have to."

Sasha considered his blue eyes, "So I'm assuming you enjoy being..." She searched for the name, "Pennywise the most?"

He sat quiet.

She looked around awkwardly, "Are you a boy or a girl?"

He smirked at this question, "I can be both."

She raised her brows at this response, "Alright then."

He seemed to enjoy her reaction.

"Where are you from?"

He placed his elbows on his knees as he stared at her, "Not earth."

She raised a brow, "So your like... An alien or something like that."

"Something like that."

"What else can you do?" she asked

Roman glanced down at the flower in her hand and picked it up. He held it in front of her face and Sasha watched as the rose started deteriorating in his hands, falling apart on the floor.

"Well that's new."

She still had so many questions, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it much so she remained quiet. Roman placed his hand back on his long leg. Sasha did the same and twiddled her fingers. Roman reached over and pulled a piece of fabric down to look at her collarbone. Her marks were nearly gone.

Roman looked at her green eyes, there were strands of her wet silver hair falling over her face. He hesitantly lifted his hand and wiped them from her face. He pulled his hand away after tucking the hair behind her ear.

Sasha smirked at him, "Thank you."

He didn't say anything and instead looked around. Any time she acted this way towards him, it made him uncomfortable and she could see it on his face. Sasha scooted her seat closer to him and placed a hand over his. He watched her, she hated how small he made her feel. She looked up at him and wrapped her arms around

his neck.

His body was tense at her touch and his hands remained in the air, unsure of what to do. She held him tight and she could slowly feel him ease into her hug. His long hand held her back while she buried her face in the crook of his neck. He held onto her until he slowly pushed her away. She looked at him as he stared at the ground. Sasha softened her eyes and reached for his face, pulling him into a kiss.

She leaned back and smiled at him, he didn't show any emotion in his face but continued to stare at her. His mouth twitched and he leaned back down to kiss her again. Sasha kissed him back while he sat her up on his lap. His mouth moved from her lips to her neck, she closed her eyes and savored his touch. He pulled off her towel and threw it to the ground, he continued kissing her skin but didn't bite.

Roman stopped and placed her on the fuzzy rug below them. Sasha laid on the ground as she watched him crawl over her. She held his arms and he kissed her again until sitting up and throwing his clothes off. His blue eyes watched her and trailed his hands to her face, rubbing his thumb over her lips.

She looked down at his naked body, Roman leaned back down to kiss her as he lowered himself into her. She let out a breath and laid her head back, his hair fell over his face as he stared at Sasha's reaction in an almost curious way.

She wrapped her leg around his waist and he thrust his hips as he continued to kiss her. Sasha smiled in his mouth and lifted her hand, snapping her fingers and shutting off the lights.

15. Jealousy

It had been a few hours and there was still little light in the sky. Roman stared at Sasha, her chest rising every few seconds. She laid on her back while her legs crossed over to the side, he looked at her tattooed hand resting on her stomach. She always seemed so peaceful in her sleep. Roman sat up and looked outside, his face was unreadable. He looked back down to see Sasha shifting in her sleep, her calm face suddenly scrunching in discomfort.

Sasha took a deep breath and opened her eyes, she sat up and held her head. It was another nightmare. She ran her hands through her hair and looked around. Roman was gone.

Sasha stood up and walked into the bathroom, she grabbed a black satin robe and put it on. She turned on the lights and reached for the medicine cabinet, grabbing the bottles of pills. She closed the glass cabinet and gasped when she saw Roman standing behind her.

She quickly turned around, "Is this going to be a regular thing with you?"

Roman stepped closer to her and glanced down at the pills in her hands.

"What do you need those for?" he asked

She glanced down at the medication, "they help me sleep."

He stared at her, "why do you need help sleeping?"

Her eyes fell to the ground, "The bad dreams," he murmured

He placed his hands on the counter, trapping her inside, "of what?"

She squeezed the pills and hesitated before answering, "...You."

Roman tilted his head at her and smirked, "Can't imagine why that would be bad for you."

She rolled her eyes and dropped her arm, she gawked up at him,

"Why do you kill kids?" She whispered

He seemed somewhat taken aback by this question, "They have the purest fear. The more afraid they are, the better they taste."

She looked at him disgusted, "What if it was your kid?" she asked

Roman began laughing and stood back up, "Then that would definitely be the first."

Sasha creased her forehead, "Why haven't you killed me?"

He didn't like this question and ignored it, he glanced back down at the pills in her hand, "Throw those away." He ordered before heading for the door.

She stared at him, "but –"

He growled, "I said throw them away!"

Sasha clenched her jaw before turning and slapping the pills and other things off the counter. Roman stopped and looked at her passively.

She glared at him until she heard the door buzzer ring from downstairs. Sasha could hear a voice come through the intercom.

'Sasha? It's Terry. I came by to see how you were doing.'

Roman narrowed his eyes at her. She vanished and appeared in the kitchen, pressing the button to speak.

"Hey Terry.. Uh now's not the best time."

There was a slight pause.

'Oh, I can come back later if you'd like?'

Sasha sighed and rested her head on the wall before pressing the button to unlock the gate. She turned back to see Roman was once again gone. She tightened her robe and cracked the door open. Terry fixed his shirt and stopped when he realized she was looking at him.

He smiled nervously, "Hi."

She forced a smile, "Hi."

Terry placed his hands behind his back, "How are you?"

Sasha shrugged, "I'm fine."

His eyes looked around awkwardly, "I know things have been pretty hectic lately with everything going on. But I just wanted you to know that I haven't forgotten about you. And I won't stop until Aiden is in caught and your safe."

She placed her hair behind her ear, "Well that's very kind of you Terry."

The young man looked at her, "I think about you a lot Sasha."

Sasha stopped, worried Roman might have heard him. She didn't say anything and Terry sighed, he reached over for her hand and bent over, kissing it. Sasha lightly jumped at his actions.

"Have a goodnight Ms. Capello," he smiled

Sasha gave him a small smile back, "Goodnight Terry."

Terry nodded at her and turned to head down the stairs. The door suddenly slammed shut, making the young detective quickly turn his head and look up. He raised a brow but continued walking to the car and driving off.

Sasha looked over to see Roman scowling at her, his large hand pressed up against the door he just shut. She backed away from him as he continued to stare at her.

"Who was that?" he asked playfully, but she knew he wasn't playing around

Sasha watched him, "A friend."

Roman scoffed, "You have friends?"

Sasha furrowed her brows, Roman dropped his hand and slowly sauntered over to her. His form changing into Pennywise while his eyes began to glow.

"Pretty chummy for a friend don't you think?" he asked

"I don't care about him if that's what your insinuating," she spoke

Pennywise raised his brow, "So you wouldn't mind if I killed him then?"

She didn't answer, he smiled and turned around

Sasha stepped forward, "Don't!"

Sasha stared at the tight fabric twisted around his back.

She paused before adding, "There's no reason for him to die."

Pennywise growled and snapped his head back, sharply grabbing her neck and lifting her from the ground, "Then how about you?"

He grinned, "Why should I keep a needy mouth breather like you alive anyway. Your starting to outlive your usefulness."

The clown squeezed her neck harder and brought her closer to his face. She stared into his yellow eyes and grappled onto his wrist, "Go ahead."

He slowly lowered his head as he glared at her.

"I'm just a meal ticket for you right? Something to control. Something to feed off of." she sneered

Her eyes softened, "I never meant anything to you Roman. You're a very good actor but you can stop pretending now."

Pennywise' mouth twitched as he dropped Sasha to the ground on her knees, she coughed and gasped for air. She stared at the ground beneath his shoes, he stood there before walking away from her.

She growled and slammed her fist on the ground in anger, "I hate

you!" she shouted

The clown stopped, but did not look at her. The lights began to flicker and he quickly vanished from sight.

Her head fell as she started to cry. Bruce walked out from the shadows and plopped on the floor, resting his head on her lap.

16. Lucifer

A few weeks passed and there was no sign of both Roman or Aiden anywhere. Sasha wandered around her apartment aimlessly thinking about so many different things. She basically locked herself inside her apartment the entire time, sending Adam out to get her food and things when she needed it. But she refused to leave her home. Terry called every now and then and she simply ignored them or made up some excuse that she was busy or not feeling well.

She walked down to the small garage behind her apartment building. She grabbed a leather jacket and put her shoes on, closing the door behind her. She walked up to the garage and pulled on the handle, lifting the rusted metal door.

She peered in and stared at the motorcycle inside, untouched. Sasha walked inside and circled the bike, swinging her leg over and sitting down.

"Nice bike."

She looked up to see Adam smiling at her, his hands behind his back bashfully.

She smiled at him, "Thank you. It was my brother's."

He looked it over, "Well he had good taste."

She stopped the bike and looked at him, "Can I ask you something?"

Adam quirked his head, "sure."

She placed her hands on her lap and looked at them, "You ever been in love?" she asked

Adam dropped his eyes to the ground, "I have."

She looked up at him, his face was solemn. She narrowed her eyes, "What does it feel like?"

He stared at her, "Like the best and worst thing that's ever happened

to you."

Sasha frowned, she didn't understand why something that was supposed to feel amazing felt so horrible at the same time.

She looked back up at Adam and smiled, "That's incredibly complex."

He scoffed and agreed.

"I'm going to the library," she said

Adam stood there, "I'll meet you there since I'm sure I won't be able to keep up with you."

She nodded and Adam watched as she revved the bike and speedily drove past down the street.

Sasha kicked out the kickstand and parked her bike. She adjusted her coat and headed for the entrance.

She spotted Cornelius who smiled at her with a look of surprise, "If it isn't Sasha Capello. Where on earth have you been?" he asked

Sasha gave a warm smile, "I'm sorry I haven't met up with you Cornelius. I've had a lot going on."

He brought her in for a hug and ushered her to the door, "nothing a cup of coffee can't fix."

"You look like you haven't been sleeping well," he started

Sasha turned away from the window and looked at him. He was right, it seemed as though the more nothing happened while she was awake. The worse her dreams became.

"Not exactly no," she confessed

Cornelius patted her hand and she lightly flinched, "It'll be alright."

She gave a small smile and took a sip of her coffee.

He sat up and clapped his hands, "So! Any question for old Mr. Thatcher? I've brushed up on my reading. Go on quiz me."

Sasha chuckled and looked to the table, "Can a negative energy feel any other emotions aside from hostility?" she asked

Cornelius pondered her question, "Emotions are still emotions Sasha. If a creature can feel those, it very well might be that they can also feel mercy. Among other things."

He took a sip of his black coffee and looked at her, "You know. I found myself reading biblical scriptures and religious myths these past few weeks. And there was one thing that stood out to me the most."

Sasha quirked her head, "And what was that?"

He shook his head, "In the bible, Lucifer was exiled from heaven because he turned his back on God. And in the New Testament it said something that reminded me of you."

She stared at him as he pulled out an old book from his briefcase.

He flipped through the pages until he stopped, he adjusted his glasses and squinted, "the great dragon was thrown down, that ancient serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, the deceiver of the whole world - he was thrown down to the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him."

He glanced up at Sasha and smirked, pointing to her tattoo, "Reminded me of your tattoo."

Sasha felt sick for some reason, she supposed it was her nerves or stress, "Lucifer was a fallen angel. Angels are beautiful creatures, not dragons. Although I'm certain that he would be none of the above at this point."

Cornelius pursed his lips in thought and placed his spectacles down on the table, "The Devil can be the most beautiful creature you've ever seen. He can be whatever he wants to be."

Sasha felt a sharp pain in her stomach and looked down at her lap.

Her eyes widened when she saw blood stain her pants. Cornelius gave a puzzled look as he stared at Sasha.

"Sasha are you alright dear?" he asked

"I have to go," she whispered

She quickly shot up and rushed for the door. He stood up and watched her cross the street, leaving on her bike.

Sasha ran up the stairs into her apartment and opened the door, Bruce jumped back as she dashed past him into the bathroom. She threw off her coat and looked down at her pants. She felt another blast of pain and hunched over holding her stomach in agony. Sasha fell to the ground and winced at the pain.

Sasha looked up at the sound of phone ringing. She panted and sighed in relief as the pain slowly started to fade. Bruce walked over to the bedroom and stared at her, she looked up and grunted.

"Bruce, the phone."

His ears perked up and turned to look at the telephone on the nightstand. He opened his mouth and picked up the phone, the cord dragging clumsily behind him as he carried it to Sasha. She lifted her hand and put the phone to her ear.

'Where the hell are you?' Jimmy asked

Sasha closed her eyes, remembering Adam was at the library and she didn't tell him where she was going.

"I had to go home." She answered

Jimmy paused before replying, *'Adam is waiting for you outside.'*

"Where are we going?"

'Your meeting me at the St. Regis. I need to see you. Your starting to worry me.'

"I'm fine Jimmy."

'Oh enough of that bullshit already Sasha, I know damn well that's not true.'

She looked down at her pants and sighed, "Give me 15 minutes."

17. Denial

Ugghhh again guys I'm sorry for some errors while your reading. It irritates me to know that I've read right past them. I just get excited to post a new chapter I don't even realize it. Anyway I hope you've been enjoying the story so far!

Sasha's eyes looked up at the large landmark, Adam escorted her up the stairs into the building while the bellhop greeted them in. They walked to the bar where Jimmy sat with his back turned to them. He wore a white collared shirt with suspenders and black pants.

Adam leaned over and whispered, "I'll be at the entrance."

She turned and he smiled at her, making his way through the spacious room. She noticed a small band playing classical music at the far end of the room. Her eyes shifted back to Jimmy, he turned his head until he spotted her and smiled.

"Welcome to civilization," he spoked

Sasha rolled her eyes and sat on the bar stool. He took a drink of his martini and placed it in front of the bartender.

He looked back at her, "What's with you?" he asked

Sasha took a breath and crossed her legs on the seat, "Nothing."

Jimmy chewed on his lip, trying to find the best way to get her to talk, "You been sleeping alright?"

She didn't want to put any more stress on Jimmy, he was already bombarded with so many situations including patrolling the entire city in search of Aiden and keeping up the business.

"Better," she lied

He looked down and pulled out a pack of cigarettes, pulling one out and lighting it, "Good."

He offered her.

Sasha cringed and politely declined, he raised his brow, "You've never declined a smoke before?"

She scoffed and shrugged her shoulder, "I'm cutting back, they're bad for you anyway."

Jimmy stared at her, "Alright," he placed the pack back into his pocket and blew out some smoke

Sasha moved in her seat, "Has there been any news lately?"

He took another drag of the blunt, "You mean killings?"

She looked at the mahogany countertop.

Jimmy tapped his cigarette over the ashtray, "A few."

She looked up at him in aggravation, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I was worried about how you'd take it."

Sasha's heart started beating faster, "Tell me Jim."

Jimmy sighed, "That's another reason why I brought you here."

She gave a look of confusion until she heard another voice behind her.

"Hello Sasha."

She glared at Jimmy, he gave her a look and reached past her to shake hands with Terry.

"Detective," he greeted

Terry smiled, "Mr. Darrow."

"Take a seat," he added

Terry quickly looked to Sasha, sitting on the bar stool aside of her. Closing her in between them. Sasha forced a smile and sat awkwardly

staring at the wall of alcohol bottles.

Jimmy looked around and cleared his throat nudging at Terry. The detective took the hint and looked to Sasha.

"Sasha, have you had any contact with anyone other than Jim and I?" he asked

Sasha finally turned her head to him, he stared at her green eyes, "No."

Jimmy watched Terry, he took another drag from his cigarette.

The detective nodded, "When we found you and Adam, there was body parts scattered everywhere in some of the rooms."

"Okay? I had nothing to do with that."

Jimmy rolled his eyes at Terry and sat up in his seat, placing a hand on her shoulder, "No. We know that. We're not accusing you of anything Sasha."

Terry knew he messed up with his wording but continued, "That's not at all what I'm saying Sasha. I'm sorry if it came off like that."

She looked back to him.

"There was a struggle between Romanoff and something else," he stared, "I'd like you to take a look at a few photos for me."

He reached over in his briefcase and pulled out a manila folder. Sasha watched as he pulled out a picture of a mutilated body, leaving only a head with its mouth open and cold eyes staring up at the sky. Jimmy looked at her and she seemed to move around in her seat uncomfortably. Terry didn't seem to notice.

"This body was found three weeks ago near a storm drain just a few blocks from your bar on the south end of the city."

She looked at the picture, this must have happened the week after Roman left her apartment that night.

"This was another member of the Romanoff gang," Terry said

He took out another picture. Another one of his men was depicted in the photo expect this time there was only an arm missing. It looked as if it were ripped from the socket. Jimmy placed his cigarette in the ash tray as he continued to watched Sasha instead of the pictures.

"This body was found two weeks ago around another sewer near the bar over on the west side of the city."

Sasha huffed, "What does this have to do with me?"

Terry looked up at her, "Jim's informed me of another possible killer in the city that you may or may not have come in contact with recently."

Sasha stiffened and shot an angry glare at Jimmy, who raised his hand up at her, "before you say anything. I only told him that much. That's it."

Terry looked at them, "Is there something else I should know?" he asked

They both turned to him in unison and answered, "No."

The detective looked at them in suspicion before taking the photo away and grabbing the last one. Jimmy's widened his eyes and reached for his wrist, preventing him from taking out the picture. Both Terry and Sasha sat confused.

"Not that one," Jimmy ordered

Sasha furrowed her brows, "Why what's on that one?"

"Nothing."

She grabbed his wrist and leaned over to Jimmy, "Jim."

Terry closed his mouth and Jimmy sighed, releasing Terry's arm and sitting back. He stared at the countertop while Sasha turned back to see a photo of a young girl lying in mud.

Terry frowned, "She was found just a few days ago."

Sasha stared at the photo in shock and shakily brushed her fingers over it, "Where?"

"In a storm drain near the Riverwalk just a few blocks down from your apartment," he replied

The girl looked around 16 years old and had bite marks on her arms. Sasha suddenly felt sick and shot her hand up to her mouth.

"Excuse me," she whispered

Both Jimmy and Terry watched her exit the bar and rush to the bathrooms. Adam looked to Jimmy who stood up and turned to Terry.

"Excuse me Detective," he said

Sasha ran to the bathroom into a stall, she nearly tripped before throwing up into the toilet. She knelt on the ground and held her silver hair back. A rush of nausea hitting her once again, she gagged and threw up again. Drops of blood leaving her mouth and falling into the water.

Jimmy pulled Adam and whispered, "Make sure no one comes inside."

Adam nodded and turned to stand in front of the door while Jimmy walked inside. He heard noises coming from one of the end stalls and walked over to Sasha. He saw her leaned over the toilet, throwing up. He slowly crept towards her and placed a soft hand on her back, she jumped at the sudden touch. She turned to him, her face was flushed and red.

"Might as well get it all out right now," he said

Sasha stared at him before heaving and quickly turning back around to throw up some more until she finished. Jimmy stood up and grabbed a paper towel, handing it to her. She flushed the toilet and leaned against the stall door.

She wiped her mouth and pulled her knees up as she held them close to her.

"I...I think the stress is staring to get to me," she muttered

Jimmy watched her and sighed, "Sure it is."

She sniffed, "It's got to be."

18. Plagued

Night came and the temperature seemed to drop significantly, Sasha stared out the skylight above her, the wind picked up and she heard it whistle past the buildings. Bruce hopped onto the bed and laid by her side. She rolled over and closed her eyes, but she couldn't sleep.

Thoughts of blood and violence troubled her mind, she shifted in her bed and let out an exasperated breath. Sitting up and glancing out the window to see the water, the sounds of waves crashing together echoed in the apartment. Sasha rubbed her head and threw the blanket to the side, walking into the bathroom. She looked in the mirror before opening the medicine cabinet to see the one prescription bottle she had left.

She took the bottle and dropped five pills in her hand, she stared at them and closed her eyes. As she lifted her hand to her mouth she heard a thump outside the room. Her head turned to see Bruce growling at something in the living room. Sasha dropped the pills in the sink and moved to see what Bruce was snarling at.

Sasha stopped when she spotted a black figure at the opposite side of the large room. She placed a hand on Bruce.

"Shhhh, Bruce it's okay," she whispered, still staring at the figure

She tried to focus her eyes to see better in the dark, "Roman?" she asked

The figure slowly moved to the kitchen and then to the front door, disappearing underneath the crack of the door like a shadow. Sasha looked down at Bruce, who continued to give a low growl. Sasha quickly headed for the door and opened it, she looked down to see a red rose sitting on the doormat.

Sasha reached down and grabbed it, she scanned the stairway and stopped to see the same figure staring at her across the street.

"Wait!" she shouted

Bruce winced at her but she ignored him, she quickly headed down the stairs and opened the gate, but the shadow was gone. She groaned in frustration and glanced around.

There was surprisingly no one around for how busy this street normally was. Sasha then saw the shadow again move even farther down the street. She turned and ran for the garage in the back, sliding the door up and jumping on her bike.

The bike let out a loud roar as she drove down into the street, following the figure. Every few blocks she would see it in different areas of the city until she ended up on the outskirts of town. She continued to drive aside the river. She stopped her bike and looked around, seeing her breath in the frigid air.

There was movement across the bridge and Sasha could see a tall shadow standing alone in the middle of the overpass. She revved up her bike and sped up to cross the street, Sasha suddenly saw headlights coursing for her. She tried to skid her bike out of the way, but it was too late. The vehicle hit the back of the bike, sending Sasha rolling forward.

The car stayed in its spot, her head turned to see someone step out, the bright lights preventing her from seeing who it was. Sasha closed her eyes and dropped her head.

"I'm sorry I might have caused her a bit of grief," Terry apologized

They were back at Sasha's bar.

Jimmy dismissed it, "Don't worry about it, it wasn't you."

He turned to Terry, "She's been different ever since Jonathan died."

Terry leaned against the counter, "I wish there was something more I could do to help her. She just doesn't seem to want to let me in much."

Jimmy scoffed and downed the rest of his drink, "She doesn't let anyone in really."

Terry stared at him, "Anyone?" he asked

Jimmy turned to him, "Yeah."

"So, there hasn't been anyone she's been with?" he asked

Jimmy knew where this was going and shrugged, "Not that I know of," he lied

Terry scanned his face, he opened his mouth to say something before he felt a buzzing in his pocket. They both looked down at his transceiver.

"Problem?" Jimmy asked, feigning interest

Terry looked up at him and nodded, "Looks like I'm off to the hospital."

He started walking to the exit, Jimmy watched him, making sure he'd left. One of Jimmy's workers walked into the room.

"Boss, there's someone on the phone for you," he said

Jimmy rubbed his forehead and waved his hand, "Tell them I'm busy."

"It's sounds pretty urgent."

Jimmy rolled his eyes and opened his hand, waiting for the worker to give him the phone.

"What?" he asked aggravatingly

'Jimmy it's Adam.'

Jimmy sat up in his seat, "Adam what's wrong?"

He could hear his nervous breathes on the other side of the phone, *'She's gone Jimmy, I don't know where she is.'*

Jimmy stood up from his seat and waved his hand to his guards, "When did you last see her?"

'Like twenty minutes ago. She drove off on her bike and I tried to follow, but I lost her Jimmy. She's gone Jimmy. I can't find her,' he sounded frantic

Jimmy ran his hands through his hair, "Okay, Calm down Adam. Where are you?"

'Yorkville.'

"I'm on my way. Just stay there," he ordered, heading for the back exit to the building

Adam hung up the phone and stared at it. He frantically glanced around the empty streets of New York. Lightly hopping in anxiousness.

Aiden walked closer to the motionless body on the blacktop.

"Didn't dad ever tell you to look both ways before you cross the street?" he smiled

Sasha didn't move, her eyes remained closed. Aiden turned to one of his guards and ordered him to walk over to her. The guard cocked his gun and aimed it for her head as he made his way closer towards the young woman.

He stopped and looked at her, he leaned over to further inspect her body. Sasha opened her eyes and lifted her leg to kick it into his groin. The man fell over while Sasha flipped back and stared at the guards. Her eyes glowing angrily at them as she hissed. Another guard ran for her and she jumped up and twisted around his body, making his trip into the river below. Sasha reached down for her blade but realized she left it in her coat at home. She cursed herself for leaving in such a rush.

She could see another worker point his gun and her, she teleported behind them. She kicked them behind their leg and grabbed their neck, breaking it. He fell to the ground and she back away panting. She could see two more guards walk towards her. She lifted her fists and was about to take a step forward before feeling a burning pain in

her chest.

She gasped and looked down to see a knife poking out of her torso. Sasha cried out in pain when the blade was ripped out. Aiden chuckled and shoved her back onto the ground, she held her chest as she stared up at him.

His face was filled with hilarity and smugness, he shoved her body with his foot so her back was now flat on the ground. She continued to hold on her chest desperately gripping onto the now bleeding wound.

He looked at the blood on his blade and smiled, he brought it closer to his mouth and licked the liquid off.

"You know it's been a bit difficult trying to find that animal, what's his name...Roman? With you chasing him away," he spoke

"Where is he?"

She breathed and glowered up at him.

He frowned, "I hope I don't make him too angry about this," he waved his hands airily, "mess. Now it's only a matter of time, right? Before your knight in shining armor comes to your rescue."

He smirked and leaned over her, clasping his hands behind his back, "Unless you die before then. Then all this hard work would have been for nothing. Killing some of my men these past few weeks and that little girl."

Sasha felt dizzy, "You killed her?" she asked breathlessly

Aiden shrugged, "Caroline? Unfortunately, yes, But! It worked to get you out here didn't it? And to give me a little leg room from the cops if they think your man did it."

She growled, "He's not coming you fuckwit."

His smile vanished, he quickly knelt and gripped her throat, "Pardon?"

She gasped for air and grinded her teeth, "He doesn't care, about me or you or anything."

He stared at her.

"And even if he did. He has no weaknesses. You couldn't stop him if you wanted to," she muttered

He raised a brow, "You sure about that?"

Sasha didn't say and thing. Aiden dropped her head on the ground and looked down at her hands, trying to prevent the blood from coming out.

He feigned concern, "Oh boy. That looks like it hurts."

"Get away from her!"

They all turned to see Adam standing just a few feet away, pointing his gun at Aiden. Aiden rolled his eyes, "Kill him," he ordered

The remaining men shot at the blonde, he successfully dodged some bullets until one landed in his shoulder. Adam tripped back but managed to shoot one of the men. Another guard attacked him, but Adam caught his fist and knocked him down. He then turned to Sasha who screamed out when he was shot in the head, falling to the ground.

Aiden yawned and looked back at his men, "Make sure he stays dead."

Sasha watched in horror as they stabbed Adam in the heart.

Tears began falling from her eyes and Aiden scoffed, "Tsk tsk, I don't think his boyfriend's going to take the news too well what do you think? Poor little Jimmy."

Sasha opened her mouth, "What?"

Aiden raised his brow, "You didn't know?" he asked and laughed, "And I thought I didn't know my workers."

She continued to watch him as he hovered his hand over her chest until creasing his forehead in confusion and drew his hand over her stomach.

A small shocked smile appeared across his face as he looked up to Sasha, "My, my, what a curveball."

She didn't understand what he was talking about. Aiden then gripped her throat again and held her over the water. Sasha looked down at the crashing waves underneath, she clung onto his arm as the crisp wind hit her skin.

"I'm not going to ask you again Sasha. Where is he?" he asked

She winced in pain and began shaking at the cold.

"Fuck you."

She could tell he was losing his patience and he tilted his head, looking her over.

"Let's see your boyfriend try and save you this time," he said

He nodded slowly humming before letting her go. Sasha fell into the cold waters below, her body cracking into the icy waves until she disappeared in the black water.

19. Drowning

Sasha could feel frozen, but didn't have any strength left to move. She saw the opening of a large sewer drain coming closer. She mustered up all her strength to quickly latch onto a broken iron bar sticking out of the water. She reached out, but the strength of the current was stronger than she was.

"No!" she shouted

She was pulled back into the rough waters, hitting her head against a rock underneath. She inhaled a mouth full of water and began choking, she couldn't lift herself up to breath in any air. She was scared and hurt, she simply closed her eyes and began to fall into unconsciousness.

A hand quickly reach into the water and begin pulling her out. Despite the force of the current, the one pulling her out clearly overpowered it.

Pennywise heaved Sasha from the water, he placed her on the ground and scanned her body. Her eyes were closed and her chest wasn't moving, he lowered his hand to see a deep cut that wouldn't stop bleeding on her torso. Normally he'd be more than eager to see the sight of blood, but in this case, he seemed upset by it, insulted even.

He lowered his head and placed his hand on her chest, staring at Sasha's face. The woman suddenly opened her eyes and jerked her body up, coughing up both blood and water. She turned and threw up a large amount of water. She stopped and felt a hand on her back, she looked up to see Pennywise watching her. She began shaking and shut her eyes, holding her chest tightly. She cried in pain at the burning and lowered her body back to the ground, focusing on her breathing.

The wind was heavy and blew throughout the tunnel, Sasha held her shivering body. Pennywise watched her and glanced up at the opening, he moved himself to block her body from the wind. She looked up at him and he continued to stare at her, he reached down and placed his hand back on her stab wound. Her breathes were

becoming deeper and he quickly noted this. Sasha's eyes began to close and she could hear him growl and pick her up in his arms. She rested her head on his shoulder.

"Sasha."

She weakly opened her eyes to see Roman looking at her, she gave a small smile, "Hello Roman."

He didn't respond or give a smile, instead his gaze was all but amused. Her eyes then closed and her head fell back, her entire body going limp in his arms. Roman held her body tightly and gritted his teeth, picking up his pace inside the tunnels.

"Walker!"

Terry turned his head to see his lieutenant walking towards him, "Yes sir?"

The older man placed a hand on his shoulder as they continued walking, "There's been another murder involved with the Capello and Romanoff family. I need you to check it out."

Terry furrowed his brows, "Is she alright?"

The older man stopped at the end of the hall and looked at Terry, "We don't know, Ms. Capello has been reported missing just a few hours ago, and bodies were spotted in Yorkville. Some sort of vehicle bike collision."

The younger man clenched his jaw and nodded.

"We've got a body out here!"

They quickly ran over to the entrance of the building and stopped to look down at a woman with silver hair lying on the ground. Terry's eyes widened as he ran over to pick her up, she was drenched and looked pale. He placed his hand against her neck to feel a weak pulse, he looked down and let out a breath when he noticed the deep gash in her chest.

He turned to the rest of the officers, "Get a stretcher out here!"

The officers quickly alerted the hospital nurses while Terry picked Sasha up as gently as he could, not wanting to cause Sasha any more pain. He looked at her face, her eyes were closed but he could hear a single wince when he stood. He turned his head, looking around at who might have put her there, but there wasn't anyone in sight. Which was odd for this part of town. Although it was quiet and empty, Terry felt like he was being watched. His eyes wandered over to a half open man hole in the street. He squinted to better see two glowing ember eyes peeking from underneath.

His attention was brought back to Sasha when she gave a face of pain and whispered repeated words. He turned his head back to see the sewer was closed, he walked back into the building and realized she was saying a name. He lowered his head and heard the words of a man, *Roman*.

Jimmy stared at the now pile of ashes blowing in the wind of where Adam used to be. All emotion drained from his face.

"Boss," Jimmy looked up at his worker who stared at him in sorrow and handed him something.

Jimmy held his breath when he realized it was a clump of Adam's hair, a piece of his scalp still attached to the follicles.

Jimmy gritted his teeth and gripped the hair, turning his head and shouting at his men, "I want this son of a bitch found! Do you hear me? I want every inch of this fucking city scoped out!"

His men looked at him, disappearing in search of Aiden around different areas of the city. The guard stared at Jimmy who placed the hair in his pocket and swallowed down whatever he was feeling.

"Where is she?" he asked dryly

The guard shook his head, "We're not sure sir."

Jimmy kicked the side of his car in anger and pointed to Sasha's bike, "Well she was here before, wasn't she? Look for her!"

The guard nodded and vanished from sight. Jimmy pinched the bridge of his nose and sniffed back the feeling of crying. He suddenly heard sirens and saw police lights heading his way. A police officer jumped out of the car and hurried over towards him.

Jimmy turned his body to them as they approached him, "Mr. Darrow?"

The man shook his head obviously, waiting for them to go on.

"We have Ms. Capello in the hospital. She's in critical condition."

Jimmy let out a breath, "Sasha," he whispered and headed for his car.

20. Introduction

Sorry guys I had to delete this chapter and edit it. There was a few things that I saw wrong with it. I'll post a new chapter later on today.

"Where is she?" Jimmy asked, walking through the sliding hospital doors

Terry walked down the hallway aside of him, "Intensive care. She was stabbed in the chest."

Jimmy stopped and turned to the detective grabbing his shoulder, "Did it go through her heart?"

Terry wondered why it mattered, "No, it just grazed past it."

Jimmy sighed in relief as he dropped his head, "Oh thank God."

Terry raised a brow, "She underwent surgery. They had to sew up the incision. It was pierced from behind her."

Jimmy clenched his jaw, Aiden attacked her from behind. *Coward*, he thought.

They turned to see nurses bringing in packets of blood into the ER.

"She lost a lot of blood," Terry said

Jimmy shook his head, "Where did you find her?"

"She found us."

Jimmy squinted at him, "What?"

"Someone dropped her off right at the front door to the hospital," he explained

Jimmy wondered if it was Aiden. But figured his pride would prevent him from doing something like that.

"Did you see who?"

The detective glanced back before pulling Jimmy to the side.

"I saw.... Something over by the sewer," he whispered

Jimmy lifted his head in wonder, "Like what?"

"Something staring out of the tunnel. It had glowing yellow eyes."

Jimmy stiffened, remembering the same eyes before inside Sasha's apartment.

"I don't know what it could have been," Terry admitted

Jimmy decided to play dumb, "Your guess is as good as mine detective."

Terry stared at him before seeing doctors walk out of the room, taking off their surgical masks. Jimmy quickly walked up to one of the doctors.

"How is she?" he asked

The doctor sighed, "Her body temperature dropped significantly. But she's in stable condition."

"Can I see her?" he asked

The doctor shook his head, "she's under anesthesia and won't be awake for a little while yet."

Terry walked up behind Jimmy, "Do you have any idea when she might wake up?"

The doctor shook his head again, "Unfortunately no, she took small impact to the skull. And in these cases, it could vary from a few hours to a few days."

Terry stared at the doctor in concern, Jimmy placed his hands in his pocket.

"Thank you, doctor," he finished

The doctor gave a small smile, "You must be Jimmy Darrow."

Jimmy glanced around but nodded, "Yes?"

The doctor turned to Terry before looking back at Jimmy, "Might I have a word with Mr. Darrow detective? It concerns a personal matter that I'm not obligated to share with you."

Terry looked to Jimmy and shifted his eyes back to the surgeon.

"Of course," he said and headed off back down the hall.

Jimmy watched Terry leave and turned his head once the surgeon began speaking, "Has Ms. Capello spoken to you about any issues she's had within the past month or so?" he asked

Jimmy stared at the doctor and shook his head, "Possibly. Is something wrong doctor?" he asked

The man let out a breath, "Because she's pregnant."

Jimmy opened his mouth in shock, now understanding the reason Sasha was acting strange.

"Is everything alright..." He moved his hand around his lower pelvic area, "down there?"

The surgeon looked back at the ER; the nurses were moving her into another room of her own.

He turned back to Jimmy, "There doesn't seem to be any issues considering what she's been through."

Jimmy stared as they moved her through the large hospital doors, "I don't think she even knew."

"We'll keep a watchful eye on her Mr. Darrow," he finished before patting Jimmy on the shoulder and walking down a separate hallway.

Jimmy glanced back down the hall, just as the door swung closed, he could see the lights flicker near Sasha.

He clenched his jaw, watching as the door finally shut.

Sasha laid on the hospital bed, a large breathing tube down her throat. There was gauze wrapped around her breasts and bandages covering her now sewn up incision. The sound of the heart monitor beeping every few seconds and medical ventilator allowing air into her lungs.

Roman stared down at her, his blue eyes staring at the many cords and needles attached to her body. He looked up at her face, her skin was less blue than before and more of her glow was coming back. He looked at the birthmark under her eye and up to her head, seeing another bandage where she hit her head under the water. He walked closer to her, his eyes falling on her tattoo, his lips drew a thin line as he carefully reached down to grab her hand.

"You must be Roman."

Roman quickly let go and turned to see Jimmy standing at the end of her hospital bed. He lowered his head dangerously at him.

Jimmy stared Roman, he had such icy features and no emotion aside from what looked like hatred.

"Did you do this?" he asked

The corner of Roman's lips curving up at this question.

Jimmy frowned, "She's pregnant you know."

Roman's smile vanished, Jimmy saw a quick glimpse of confusion on his face as he looked down to Sasha. He cringed in disgust as he looked at her stomach.

Jimmy couldn't believe what he was going to say but scoffed, "Please tell me it was you and not Aiden."

Roman stood quiet. His eyes were cold and hard.

"Not gonna' talk?" he asked, "Okay."

Jimmy placed his hands in his pockets and walked to the other side of Sasha's bed. Roman watched him.

"Whoever it is. It's not human," he started, he trailed his fingers over the breathing tubes connected to the young woman.

Roman creased his forehead in suspicion, "You can't kill her that way."

"No but it can do a lot of damage to the brain if there's no oxygen left in it. And probably damage to her pregnancy too right?" he asked in interest

Roman narrowed his eyes, "You wouldn't do that to her."

Jimmy chuckled, "If that means making her forget you and getting rid of whatever the hell is inside her. Yes. I would."

Jimmy looked down and reached for the plug, Roman growled while the lights flickered once again. Jimmy was pinned up against the glass window, he stared down at a clown. Pennywise barred his teeth at him while he gripped his collar.

He stared at the clown's yellow eyes, "So it is yours," he whispered

Pennywise snapped his head to the side, glancing back at Sasha before the lights shut off and dropped Jimmy to the ground. Jimmy looked around the room, he noticed Bruce walk out of the shadows and the lights turn back on.

He lifted himself up and walked over to the chair beside her bed and plopped down, "You sure do know how to pick em'."

21. Daddy

It was the middle of the night and the hospital was silent. Jimmy sat back in his seat with his head resting the back of the chair, sleeping while Bruce laid at Sasha's feet. The beeping and noises of different machines were the only things heard in the room. Sasha rested in her bed, it had been hours and she still didn't wake up.

A long hand hovered over Sasha's stomach.

Roman stared at her, his face certainly didn't match his thoughts as he slowly placed his hand on the skin. He leaned closer to her face and reached his other hand to gradually caress her bruised cheek. He turned to see Bruce staring at him but he was not aggressive like he normally was. The two stared at one another before Roman looked back to Sasha.

He then felt something move inside her, Roman glanced down, hearing the heart monitor slowly start to pick up. Sasha's body began fidgeting in her sleep.

Bruce started growling and Roman turned, Bruce was growling at the door. On the other side was Aiden, smiling through the window as he stared at Roman. Roman took a step towards the door before Aiden raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

Sasha suddenly began shaking violently and arched her back, her hands stiffened at her sides as her eyes opened to show no pupils.

Jimmy opened his eyes at the sound of metal clanking together, his eyes widened when he saw Sasha convulsing on the bed before him. He shot up and looked at the machines, the heart monitor was racing. Jimmy looked around the room, but he only saw Bruce wincing as he stared at his owner.

Jimmy rushed out of the doors and ran for any sign of a doctor or a nurse, "Help!" he shouted

He finally spotted two nurses sitting at their stations, he ran up to

them, "It's my friend, she needs help please!"

The nurses quickly sat up and ran for the room.

Aiden roamed through the halls of the hospital, where the psychiatric patients were kept. He lowered his hand to pull out a cigarette from his pocket and placed it in his mouth.

A middle aged bald man walked out from his room, clearly a mental patient, "Hey! You're not supposed to smoke in here mister!"

Aiden lit his cigarette and rolled his eyes, pulling out his gun and shooting the man in the head. There was a silencer on the gun to keep the sound to a minimum. He saw another lady standing and whispering to herself as she stared at him.

Aiden blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled, "Would you like a bullet too?"

The woman licked her lips and quickly shook her head, backing into her room and continued whispering to herself about devils and angels. The lights began flickering above.

His eyes looked up to the fixtures, "That's a cute parlor trick," he spoke up

Aiden smiled as he turned his body back to see Pennywise standing at the far end of the hallway. The clown's eyes glowed in the darkness of the inactive wing. Aiden took another drag from his cigarette and tossed it on the ground, stepping on it and looking back up to the clown.

"Is Daddy angry with me?" he pouted

Pennywise stared at him as he slowly lowered his head, his mouth slightly agape.

Aiden gave another smirk, "Hey I'm doing you a favor. Getting rid of that disgusting half breed along with an unwanted bastard. It's a two in one package."

The clown suddenly disappeared, Aiden glanced around until he felt something grab his ankle. He looked down before being dragged across the hall. The hospital doors started slamming shut and the lights started shutting off in each section as he slid past.

Aiden blinked and realized they were in the boiler room of the building. The dragging stopped and Aiden quickly stood up and looked around in search of the clown. Aiden's head was then slammed into the metal piping across from him. He growled as he hit the floor.

Pennywise cackled and jumped atop of him, holding his forehead with his long-gloved hand and gripped his neck with the other.

Aiden grunted at the weight of the clown, "What have you been eating?" he asked

Pennywise stared at him in amusement while Aiden adjusted his head, "Oh that's right, my men."

The clown picked Aiden up and held him near a steaming hot radiator. The heat warming up on his skin as Pennywise pressed him closer to the burning metal.

Aiden stared down at him, blood dripping from his nose, "You gonna' eat me now too?" he asked

Pennywise tilted his head and smiled.

"Well I'm gonna' taste pretty shitty, considering I'm not afraid of you at the moment."

The clown began to frown at his words.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked

Pennywise giggled, "I feed off fear, I don't feel it."

Aiden looked up at the ceiling before smiling, "We're all afraid of something."

Pennywise glared at his green eyes and gave a low growl, there was a

sudden scream coming from a few floors above.

Sasha

Aiden shifted his gaze back down at him and lifted his leg, shoving the clown back into the pipes as Aiden dropped onto the ground. Pennywise sat up and sneered at the demon.

He wiped his nose and sniffed, "I will make you feel fear if it's the last thing I do."

Pennywise jumped up and opened his mouth, charging for Aiden until he disappeared from the room. He barred his teeth and clenched his fists, his ears perked up once more at the sound of Sasha's screams.

22. Normal

Sasha grudgingly opened her eyes to a light overhead. She squinted at the brightness and lifted her arm to cover her face. The IV in her arm restricted her from moving any further. She could feel something inside her nose and cords strapped around her body.

She was in a hospital.

Sasha began to panic and quickly grabbed the needle and breathing tubes, trying to pull them out. Two hands quickly reached down for her wrists and held her down. She looked up to see Jimmy staring at her.

"Don't Sasha."

He held her.

"That's helping you breathe," he finished

Sasha stared at him in confusion, but didn't say anything. Her thoughts pouring back to Adam. Tears began falling down her cheeks and Jimmy eased his grip from her arms. He softened his eyes and held Sasha, pulling her up to embrace her. She cried into his shoulder, Jimmy held her tightly and tried to calm her down.

"Sh sh sh its okay Sasha, you're okay," he said

"I'm sorry about Adam," she whispered

Jimmy closed his eyes and rubbed her arm, "It wasn't your fault."

Sasha let out a breath and laid back down on the bed, she winced and placed a soft hand on her chest.

He stared down at her, "It barely missed your heart."

She looked up at him, there was still morphine going through her body but Sasha could feel the lingering pain.

"Didn't figure Aiden to have such a shit aim," she muttered

Jimmy chuckled, "Yeah well, you're still here so that's all that matters."

Bruce jumped up on the bed and licked her hand; Sasha smiled and weakly scratched him behind his ears.

"You had a seizure last night," he said

She couldn't recall anything like that happening, all she remembered was her nightmare and falling into nothing but pitch blackness.

"I don't remember."

Jimmy watched her, "It took them almost an hour to stabilize you."

She didn't say anything, her eyes scanned the room. It was an overcast day outside and it looked as though she was on the third floor, the window looking out into the city.

"Was it the dreams?" he asked

Her lips were dry and placed a hand on her stomach, "I feel sick."

Jimmy pulled a face, "Sasha."

But, before he could say another word there was a knock at the door. They looked at the door to see Terry poked his head inside and smiled at Sasha.

"Nice to see your up," he said, walking inside and up to the foot of her bed

Sasha gave a small smile. Jimmy placed his hands in his pocket, "Walker."

Terry looked up at him and nodded, "Mr. Darrow."

"We have a lead as to where Aiden might be located," he started

Jimmy shook his head and waved his hand, "Not now Terry. She just woke up and I want her to rest. She's been through enough bullshit for now."

Terry bit his lip but agreed, looking back to Sasha, "You scared us."

She adjusted herself in the bed, trying to sit up while Jimmy helped her.

"It wasn't too pleasant for me either."

Terry stared at her. A small nurse walked into the room and smiled at Sasha, "Your looking better!" she said happily

Bruce looked at the nurse; she headed for the monitors to check them over and turned to Sasha, reaching for her. Sasha quickly retracted her hand as she stared at the nurse.

The nurse creased her brows, "I'm only going to check your blood pressure sweetheart."

Jimmy placed a hand on her shoulder, "It's okay Sasha."

Sasha turned back to the nurse and reluctantly lifted her hand for the woman to take. The nurse smiled and wrapped the gauge around her arm, pressing the bulb to inflate the cuff. Sasha stared at the small machine until she finished.

"It seems to be back to normal," she finished, the nurse proceeded to change out the IV drops.

"Your food should be in shortly."

Sasha shook her head, "I'm not hungry right now."

Sasha's stomach let out a gurgle against her will.

The nurse turned to her, "Your tummy says otherwise. You need to eat dear. Now that you're eating for two."

Jimmy closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Sasha and Terry looked up at the nurse confused.

"Excuse me?" she asked quietly

The nurse glanced around the room, seeing the tension build up,

realizing what she had done.

"Oh... I'm sorry I didn't. I thought you knew," she said looking up to Jimmy who waved his hand and ushered her out of the room.

The nurse apologized and hastily left. Terry turned back to Sasha, "you're pregnant?" he asked

Sasha ignored Terry; she glanced down to her stomach and placed a shaky hand over it. Her breathes began picking up and Jimmy turned to the detective.

"Give us a minute would you Walker?" He smiled before lightly shoving the detective out of the room.

"But-"

"Thanks buddy," he winked and shut the door behind him.

He sighed and turned to Sasha, who remained focused on her stomach.

"That's impossible," she said out loud

Jimmy walked closer to her, pulling up his seat to her bed.

"Obviously not," he replied

She looked up at Jimmy, she could last remember Roman carrying through the sewers under the city.

"Is it okay?" She asked nervously

Jimmy frowned before nodding his head, "Everything's alright."

"Stop saying that," she whispered

"Because it's not. Everything's not alright."

He started at her, she rubbed her eyes, "I always wanted a normal life."

She scoffed, "And I know I'll never have that. I tried though, I really

did."

Jimmy glanced down at her tattoo, "Unfortunately we don't get that pleasure honey."

She looked up at him.

"People like us don't get the white picket fence and blue-collar living."

"We can try. Trust me I did. But we can't hide what we are. What we attract."

She took a deep breath and leaned back in the bed, "Does he know?"

Jimmy stared at her before slowly nodding.

"He didn't take it well I'm assuming?"

Jimmy leaned in close and smiled, "More or less."

23. Hunger

Jimmy looked up at the door, "I guess I should go coddle detective Walker," he smirked

Sasha's eyes fell to the bed. He stood up and pinched her cheek, "chin up kid."

She smirked and watched him head out the room, closing the door. Bruce whined and she glanced down to rub his head. He scooted closer to her and wagged his tail. She looked out the window at the sky, the sun was peeking out from the clouds.

The sound of the door clicking as it opened made her jump. It was another nurse bringing in food for her to eat. She smiled at her and placed the tray on the bed. Sasha forced a smile but frowned when the nurse left. She glared at her food, there was noodle soup with a side of bread and chocolate pudding.

Sasha reluctantly picked up a piece of bread and put it in her mouth, she chewed it before spitting it back out. It had such a bitter taste.

"You're not hungry for that."

Sasha looked up to see Pennywise staring at her from the corner of the room. He slowly made his way towards her bed, his face was stoic and rough.

She looked at the food in confusion, "Then what am I hungry for?"

He didn't say anything, he only looked into her green eyes. She narrowed them before shaking her head and putting up a finger, "I am not eating people," she stated

"You need to feed," he replied

Sasha finally looked up at him, his bright orange hair glowing because of the sun's rays shining through the window. He hunched over, nearly hitting the ceiling due to his height.

She turned her head back down to the bed, "I'd rather starve."

He grimaced at her words and leaned over her, "Then you'll die."

She glared at him, "Then consider it a lucky break."

Pennywise growled and slammed his hands on each side of her bed, Bruce sat up.

"That *thing*. Is going to eat you from the inside out if you don't feed it," he sneered

She furrowed her brows, "*Thing*? What exactly is inside me Roman?"

He stared at her before leaning back a bit, pondering her words.

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?" she argued

He stood back up, "I mean exactly what I said."

She frowned and rubbed her head, "Great."

Pennywise stared at her before lowering himself to the ground, he was tall enough that he was still leveled with her bed. He opened his mouth, his two larger teeth showing as he gulped in thought. One eye slightly drifting off to the side while the other remained on her.

Sasha held her stomach tightly as it started growling again, louder than before. She huffed in frustration.

Pennywise looked down at his hand, he lifted his arm and moved the ruffled part of the sleeve up to reveal skin. She glanced down at him, his skin was the same color as his face, it was white all over. She figured he assumed a *real* clown would look that way. So that's what he made himself to be.

She watched as his other hand formed into a sharp claw, he lowered it and drove a deep gash into his skin, drawing a fair amount of blood.

Sasha felt her vision become clouded at the smell of iron. He looked at her and raised his arm in front of her face. Sasha's mouth twitched

at the sight of the crimson liquid now dripping on the tray below. She glanced over to Pennywise, his face was pensive as he held his arm out.

She shut her eyes and turned her head, "I don't want to drink blood."

He didn't move, "It's either my blood or human meat."

She looked up at him as he smirked at her, "Your choice."

Sasha sighed, she began breathing heavy, she could hear her heart beat inside her ears. Her eyes changed to a cold hard blackness. She grunted as she grabbed his arm and sucked on the blood. Pennywise opened his mouth, she desperately clung onto his arm as she fed. He faintly closed his eyes as he watched her.

"Walker calm down."

Terry scoffed, "Calm down? She's sitting in there not even knowing she was pregnant and you're going to tell me to calm down? Are you insane."

Jimmy rolled his eyes, "Considering the options, what else can we do?"

The detective furrowed his brows, "Was she raped? Did she tell you anything?" he asked

Jimmy shook his head and sighed, "I don't know," he lied, "but all we can do right now is make sure she stays stable. Which means not bombarding her with questions she might not even know the answers to."

Terry stared at Jimmy before agreeing against his better judgment.

"Where did you say Aiden could be?" Jimmy asked, hoping to change the subject

Terry ran his fingers through his hair, "The docks."

Jimmy shook his head, "I thought there was nothing found at the

docks."

He nodded, "Yes, but the tunnels we found led into another area of the city. Where the sewers connect."

"Unfortunately, the tunnel is blocked by a steel barrier. So, we're trying to find another way inside."

"And we're still looking for the second possible killer. But he hasn't attacked anyone recently."

Jimmy looked to the ground, "He's been a bit preoccupied," he muttered

Terry gave him a puzzled look, "What does that mean?"

Jimmy looked back up to the detective, "Nothing."

24. Animal Instinct

Sasha took a deep breath as she slowly let go of Pennywise' arm. His face wasn't filled with pain or discomfort, instead, it was filled with nothing but curiosity. She leaned her head back with her eyes closed, licking her lips. Pennywise let out a breath and reached down to grab a clump of her hair, pressing her head farther back.

He eagerly attacked her mouth, smearing blood across both of their faces. Sasha couldn't keep herself from kissing him back, she didn't understand why the taste of blood was so alluring. She kissed him with just as much hunger. Pennywise drew his head back, her face was flustered, her eyes slowly returning to their emerald glow. He held her face and licked his blood off her mouth.

Their lips hovered over one another before he stood back up. The clown smiled as he stared down at her, blood covered her face all the way down to her breasts. Sasha tried to catch her breath, she sniffed around and gave a look of confusion.

"What's that smell?" she asked

Pennywise licked his lips, "fear."

There was a sweet yet spicy smell, lingering inside Sasha's nose, it was like nothing she'd ever smelled before but was intoxicating. She looked around, she could smell it coming from outside of the room. She wondered if this was what he went through every day, which would explain a lot of his actions. Bruce winced at her and she snapped out of it, looking down at the him and patting his head.

"It's okay Bruce," she calmed

Pennywise stared at her, "Now you feel what I feel."

She looked up at him, "I don't want to be like you."

He smiled, "It's too late for that."

At this moment, two janitors passed by the room, speaking in another language she figured to be Spanish. She listened to hear them talk

about a body found in the psychiatric ward of the hospital.

"Did you have anything to do with that?" she asked

He raised a brow, "You speak Spanish?"

She sighed at him for ignoring her question, "I speak six different languages Roman."

He gave an impressive glance, "Wow," he mocked

She groaned in frustration, "Can you please answer my question?"

Pennywise pouted, "We're in a hospital Sasha, people die all the time."

She frowned and looked down at his feet. His hand lifted to grab her face, making her look at him. She was now staring into Roman's eyes. He gave a small smile and leaned in to kiss her forehead.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" she ridiculed

Roman continued to smile, "I'd be lying if I said no."

She rolled her eyes, "Because we all know you don't do that."

He giggled and stood back up, placing his hands in his pocket.

She looked down at her fingers, messing with the oximeter on her finger, "I'm sorry I dragged you into this."

Roman was silent for a few moments.

"I'm not."

She quirked her head and looked up at him. Roman shifted his eyes around the room, not wanting to look at hers. She stared at him and smiled.

"Thank you Roman."

He raised a brow, "For?"

She shrugged, "Being there. Protecting me."

His mouth twitched and he grimaced at her kindness. He shook his head and turned around to face the window, he walked forward before stopping.

"You're welcome," he whispered, disappearing from the room.

She turned her head back to the door and inhaled the aroma of the fear all around her. She laid back down on the pillow. Bruce cuddled up to her and she closed her eyes, her thoughts going back to the psychiatric ward.

"It wasn't his style," Jimmy said

Terry shook his head, "So then Aiden was here."

The two along with a few other officers stood in the morgue of the hospital. They inspected the deceased body of the mental patient found dead the night before. Jimmy kept some of his men guarding Sasha's room, he didn't want her out of anyone's sight.

Jimmy chewed on the side of his cheek, "Or one of his men. Trying to deter us."

Terry shrugged, "Whatever it was, they were here."

The detective turned to his men, "I want a full patrol of this entire building."

They nodded and exited the morgue. Terry turned back and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Something wrong?" Jimmy asked dryly

He shook his head with his hand still placed on his forehead, looking at the ground, "I'm running low on men."

Hours passed and Sasha managed to fall asleep. She fidgeted in her slumber, she scrunched her face in pain and laid in a fetal position on

the bed. Her stomach let out another loud growl. She quickly opened her eyes and sat up, the lights were off in the room.

Bruce looked up at her. She sniffed around the room and grunted, she was hungry again. She scanned the room in the hopes Roman would be somewhere inside. But there was no one there.

Another low growl came from her abdomen, she grabbed it and leaned over. Shutting her eyes at the pain. It almost felt like something was trying to claw its way out.

She took another sniff of the air as she smelled that sweet smell again. Her eyes slowly turning black and her lip twitching in hunger. Bruce lowered his ears and lightly barked at her. She snapped her head down to him and shook her head.

The buzzing of the small lamp beside her becoming louder and more irritating. She growled and waved her hand, the bulb suddenly burst and in an instant, Sasha was gone. Bruce stood up on the bed and looked around the room, he winced, wondering where she vanished to.

25. Two Dead Boys

Sasha roamed the halls of the hospital, she looked around to see people crying and comforting their loved ones in the different rooms throughout the halls. She could smell their fear and distress. She turned to look into a room with a young boy, he was sleeping, he had no hair and his parents were sitting aside him, crying.

Sasha stepped inside and walked up to his bed, she glanced over to the adults, who didn't seem to acknowledge her at all. They were only focused on the child before them. She looked back down to the boy and softened her eyes.

Suddenly the boy opened his eyes and stared at Sasha. She jumped back when she realized the boy was Georgie.

His lip trembled, "Why didn't you save me?" he asked

Sasha backed away and shook her head, "You're not real," she whispered

Georgie sat up, the parents still crying next to him, "You should have died."

She shut her eyes and held her head, "You're not real!" she shouted

She listened until she didn't hear noise anymore, Sasha slowly lifted her head. The room was empty; it looked as if it hadn't been used in years. She glanced back to the door, the light fixtures in the halls blinking every few seconds. She stepped out into the dark hallway and looked around.

She heard whispering coming from the lower end of the building. A gust of aroma suddenly hit her face. There was crying and shouting in this wing, she realized this was where the mentally unstable patients were kept. She closed her eyes and inhaled the smell of fear.

"One fine day in the middle of the night..."

The woman sat inside her room, rocking back and forth. She held her

hands up to her face, scratching and chewing her nails anxiously.

"Two dead boys got up to fight..."

She made small noises and twitched her head occasionally. She then stopped and looked up to the door; she looked to see a young woman standing at the entrance. Her eyes were black and lifeless, her silver hair falling over her face and her head tilted to the side as if in a trance.

The woman dropped her head and gave a loud cry before shouting in anger, "Back to back they faced each other..."

Sasha stepped into the room, she could smell the dread the woman was feeling and it smelled delicious. Sasha walked closer to her, the woman continued to rock back and forth in her spot. Her arm reached over for an empty rusted syringe on the medical tray next to her.

"Drew their swords and shot each other..."

Sasha opened her mouth and stood over the woman. She looked up at Sasha and stared at her for a few moments before whispering, "Devil."

Sasha stopped, the woman kept repeating the words aloud.

"Devil."

"Devil."

"Devil."

"Devil."

Sasha growled, lifting her arm to stab the woman. She quickly lowered her hand but stopped, the needle landing centimeters from the patient's eye. She panted as she stared at Sasha in fear.

Sasha began to shake as she remained still, not moving her head or her body, she was frozen. There were footsteps drawing closer to the room, Sasha's eyes slowly returning to normal. She looked down at the now terrified patient and then to the syringe in her hand. Sasha

tossed it aside and stood up. She then felt a shooting pain in her stomach and fell to the floor on her knees.

The steps drew closer until they stopped at the doorway. Sasha looked back to see Aiden smiling at her from outside the room.

"How cute, now *you're* the one trying to eat people."

She took deep breathes, trying to block him out.

"If you two aren't couple goals, I don't know what is," he joked

Sasha snapped her head back, sneering at Aiden.

He chuckled at her pain, "You look hungry."

"Go on. Kill her." He teased, "Doesn't she look delectable?"

The patient cried and shook her head, putting her hands up. Whispering again to herself.

Sasha grunted and held her stomach tighter, "No."

Aiden rolled his eyes, "Hey, then let your kid eat you. Now that's a show I'd pay to see."

"Go fuck yourself," she hissed

Aiden feigned hurt, "No thank you. Too much work."

She dropped her head when she felt the scratching inside her stomach. Aiden walked closer to her, he knelt and reached over to grab her face, forcing her to look at him.

"It's refreshing to see the tables turned," he grinned

He squeezed her cheeks and lifted his other hand to grab the back of her head, slamming it into the vinyl flooring. Sasha fell limp as Aiden held her in his arms; he looked up to the mental patient.

"What did you see?" he asked

The woman stared at him and bit her lip, "The Devil."

He smiled, "Good girl."

Jimmy walked through the halls of the hospital. He noticed Sasha's door open and rushed inside. One of his guards were looking around the room in bewilderment. Bruce winced as he paced around, acting flustered and unusual. Jimmy turned to the bed, it was empty, he anxiously glanced around in search of Sasha.

"Where did she go?" he asked

The guard turned and shrugged his shoulders, "She didn't walk out, we were guarding it the whole time?"

Jimmy ran his fingers through his hair, "Find her!"

The guard walked out of the room.

Jimmy turned around and gritted his teeth. He then remembered the man in the morgue and where they found him. He turned around and aimed for the psychiatric ward. Bruce following him close behind.

Jimmy and his men walked around the wing, searching in every room they reached. He stopped when Bruce barked and ran into a different direction of the building. The Doberman stood at the entrance of another hallway. Jimmy looked up to see Roman standing at the end of the corridor, staring into a room.

Jimmy furrowed his brows and cautiously walked closer to him. Roman did not look at him and remained focused on the room, giving off a low guttural growl as he stared. Jimmy glanced down to see a woman shaking and whispering soft words. Rocking back and forth on the floor.

Jimmy stepped closer, narrowing his eyes and noticing the woman had blood on her arms, a rusted syringe aside of her. She chuckled to herself but continued rocking, Jimmy noticed on the ground was a pentagram drawn in blood.

"Crooked," Roman hissed

Jimmy turned to Roman, but he was gone. He looked back down at the patient, stepping closer to hear what she was saying.

"Knocked him through a nine-inch wall..."

"Into a dry ditch and drowned them all..."

26. Trapped

Sorry everyone for the delay! It's been incredibly busy recently but I'll try and post again tonight! This chapter is a bit more dialogue between Aiden and Sasha. Hope you enjoy it! Input is always appreciated:)

Sasha struggled to get up and rubbed her bruised head. She didn't know where she was, but she assumed she was in some sort of storm drain beneath the streets, a much smaller one compared to that of the cistern in Derry. She looked up, faint light peeking through the hallow hole. There was an orange tint to the room and it smelled of wet stone, like the Neibolt house. There was the sound of waves crashing together, they were near the docks.

She walked to what looked like a large metal door, she reached for the handle and tried pulling it, but she sharply pulled away at the sound of burning flesh. Sasha hissed in pain and looked down at the now healing skin. It must have been blessed or doused in holy water for it to burn that way. She looked back up into the light and closed her eyes. There was a quick vibration that flowed through her body.

She hoped to see the streets of New York, but instead she saw nothing but the musty walls of the prison she was in. She furrowed her brows in confusion and glanced down to the floor, she then knelt to the ground to wipe away some loose wet dirt. Sasha's eyes widened when she realized the entire cistern was engulfed in a Devil's Trap. She panted as she anxiously brushed away more dirt on the ground, wincing at the sight of the mark covering the entire floor.

She quickly shot back up and looked up at the hole in the ceiling.

"Hello?" She shouted, "Is anyone out there?"

She heard footsteps echo in the tunnels just outside, she looked down to see the latch lift. Showing Aiden's green eyes just on the other side.

He smiled as he stared at her, "what's wrong princess? Are you uncomfortable?"

She glared at him with a hateful stare, her eyes glowing in the shadows.

He chuckled, "Listen I really am trying to be a gracious host. But you're not helping me out if you just pout like that."

She clenched her fists and lunged forward, reaching through the small opening. Aiden backed away and gripped her arm, bending it down so that she was stuck. She cried in pain while her cheek was pressed against the burning metal.

"Goodness you have a temper. Could it be prenatal mood swings?" he asked

She hissed at him, Aiden smiled, "You're just as bad as that animal you fucked."

"He's going to find you, and he's going to kill your pathetic ass," she replied dryly

Aiden's smile slowly curled into a frown. He jerked her arm tighter down and she screamed. He let go and she fell to the ground, holding her now dislocated shoulder.

He stared at her, "The only pathetic one I see here is you."

"I hope that thing eats you slowly. That way I can hear your screams echo through the walls. It'll be music to my ears."

Aiden stood in silence as he stared at Sasha, she heaved long, angered breathes as she gripped her shoulder. He glanced down to her stomach and frowned, a sudden rush of sincerity coating his face.

"What is it that's so appealing about him?" he asked in utter wonder

Sasha quirked her head in confusion, not knowing why he even cared. Her eyes fell to the damp, cold ground.

She bit her lip and wondered herself what it was that was so attracting about Roman. Was it his mysterious and troubled persona? Or, was it the occasional sweet and caring man she would experience every so often that understood her? Aiden watched her, different

contradicting thoughts running through her head.

He lifted his chin and placed his hands behind his back, "Could it just be you have a thing for clowns?" he smirked

She glared up at him in irritation; his constant insults were becoming tiresome.

"He's not just a clown," she spat

He raised a brow, "Oh, that's right, he changes into something only *you* approve of. The perfect little dream boy for you right?"

She said nothing, only sat, holding her slim stomach.

They stared at one another for a few minutes, before Aiden asked, "Ew. You love him, don't you?"

Sasha rolled her eyes, "What would you know about love?"

He chuckled, "What would you know about it? You're not exactly romantic material either sweetheart. I know it makes people do incredibly stupid things. Which, little sis, is what you both have been doing a whole lot of lately."

"I already told you, he doesn't love anything or anyone," she explained

Aiden scoffed, "Oh no?"

Sasha shook her head in doubt.

He smiled once again, "So answer me this," lifting his hand, "Because I'm a little confused, he just so happened to be gone all this time. And when I decided to start targeting you. He just miraculously comes out of his long-time coma to attack the exact people trying to hurt *you*."

"The reason he's awake has to do with me, I made that connection with him, I woke him up," she answered

Aiden groaned, "Oh please Sasha, even I know you're not this stupid."

The woman narrowed her eyes.

"There is no way in hell that only you could've caused that connection. It has to be a mutual bond for whatever the fuck he is to come all the way from Perry –"

"Derry," she corrected

He waved his hand in dismissal, "Whatever."

"There's no way he came all the way from Maine just because you disturbed his nap all because you had a sudden horny thought."

There was nothing she could say, she hated to admit it, but he was right.

"And to knock you up?" he began laughing, "Even he didn't see that one coming and he's supposed to be up on his game in everything yea?"

"Whatever it was, it was just some sick perversion of his, just to hurt me because he was angry," she replied sadly

Aiden furrowed his brows, "Perversion? Yes, but to hurt you? Mmm, that's a little iffy."

There was a slight pause of silence.

"So, you think he intended to have a piece of him inside of you because he wanted to hurt you?" he pinched the bridge of his nose, "Oh god love, you're just as delusional as our old man."

She peered up at him annoyed.

"Why would he allow something of his creation, knowing it would be vulnerable, put inside of you? I had a little talk with your baby daddy and trust me, he doesn't want anything touching either of you. And whether you choose to believe it's," he gave a look of disgust, "love or not, this kid wasn't intentional."

He walked closer to the opening, "And what do daddy's do?"

She didn't respond.

"They protect. Because demon or alien or whatever the fuck he is. It's still basic instinct."

Her eyes dropped back down to the floor in thought. Understanding Aiden's words despite how much she didn't want to.

"You clearly don't know him," she argued

"I know him well enough to realize he fucked up and he fully understands that.... Personally, I don't see why he's going through so much trouble for some pussy. They're too much trouble, I'd much rather pay for a night and get out the next morning, but apparently, he doesn't work that way."

"You think you can beat him, don't you?" she asked, "You think after all the men he's managed to kill that you're just going to face him in some epic battle and you're going to come out the champion, right? You kill me, somehow kill him, and the city's all yours, right?"

The thought seemed to amuse him, "What a lovely idea. But you and that *thing* have been a serious pain in my ass recently. And I intend to do what good old Papa couldn't."

"You're going to die down here Aiden," she said softly, "Just stop this. It's not too late to stop this."

Aiden pondered her words for a few moments until shaking his head and sneering, "If I die down here, then you're coming down with me."

With that he slammed the handle shut, leaving an empty hum inside the room. Sasha took deep breathes as she closed her eyes. She grabbed her arm and lifted her head.

"Okay," she whispered, "one....two..."

She snapped her arm back into place and shouted out in pain. Leaning over and holding her sore body. She grunted and stood back up to run to the door, slamming her fists into the metal. It was of no use, she slammed one last fist into the door and leaned against the stone wall, tears falling from her eyes as she slid down onto the

ground.

Aiden turned to two of his men that were standing to the side, "I don't want her even looking out of this room let alone taking a step outside. Understood?"

The men nodded and continued to patrol the area, Aiden walked down a narrow tunnel, a frown on his face.

"Come get me big boy," he whispered, disappearing into the darkness.

27. Bury Me

'There's a 9-inch steel wall in our way Walker,' the commissioner said on the other line

"How long will it take to get through?" Terry asked

'Hours maybe,' he replied, *"This thing wasn't made overnight, he must have been working on it this entire time he was under the radar."*

The detective ran his hand through his hair in frustration, "Just tell them to keep at it. I'll head over there as soon as I can."

Jimmy rushed out of the Psych ward and headed for the door, Bruce following close behind. Terry hung up the phone and noticed Jimmy hastily stride past him. He chased after him and reached for his arm. Jimmy angrily pulled his arm back while Terry gave a look of confusion to the young man.

"Where are you going?" Terry asked

Jimmy looked back at the detective, "I'm going to get Sasha."

Terry raised his brows, "You know where she is?"

"I've got an idea."

Terry looked back to Jimmy's workers walking from the ward and approaching them. The detective turned back to Jimmy, "I'm going with you."

Jimmy raised a brow, "Excuse me?"

Terry stepped forward and pointed to Jimmy, "I'll alert my men to wherever were headed since you seem to like keeping secrets from me. I'm not letting you out of my sight Darrow."

Jimmy stared at him and sighed, "Fine. But we're going alone right now until I'm sure I know where she is."

Terry clenched his jaw, not wanting to let his men stand back for a certain amount of time when they were headed into something blind.

"Fine."

Jimmy gave a smug look, "Great," her turned back to head for the exit, "This way."

Terry watched as the men followed behind and headed for their vehicle while Jimmy walked over to his with Bruce. Jimmy hopped into the driver seat while Bruce jumped in the back. Terry turned back to look at the hospital.

Jimmy rolled down the window and lifted his arm on the seat, "Take your time. It's not like were in a hurry."

Terry sighed and stepped inside the car. He sat looking ahead until realizing Jimmy was staring at him.

"What?" he asked

"Put your seatbelt on."

Terry scoffed, "Seriously?"

Jimmy gave a passive glare, but didn't answer him. Bruce stared at him from the back as well. Terry rolled his eyes and pulled down the belt to clip it around him.

"There. Now can we please leave?" he asked annoyed

Jimmy smirked and started the ignition, putting the car in drive and heading aside the river. Terry glanced around the area, there was nothing but tension in the car for some reason.

Terry cleared his throat, "Why do you care about Sasha so much?"

Jimmy glanced over at the detective with a look of confusion, he then turned back to the road, "I've known her and her brother for a while now. Mainly Jonathan, never too close with Sasha, but Jonathan didn't want anyone interacting with her much. He was always very protective of her. And he treated me normal. Like family."

"As opposed to?" he asked

Jimmy looked at Terry, "I'm gay Walker."

The detective opened his mouth and slowly nodded, "Ah. I see," he turned back to look out the window

Jimmy smirked and turned onto the bridge, towards the docks.

"He kept it a secret from others that wouldn't have appreciated the fact that I like men. But Jonathan didn't care."

"We're you two," Terry lifted two fingers, insinuating they were a couple.

Jimmy chuckled, "No. Jonathan was not gay. He just didn't care that I was. Never bothered him. He was a good guy."

Terry turned to Jimmy, "So that's why you do what you do for her then."

Jimmy shrugged, "Jonathan would have wanted me to."

"That's very noble of you."

Jimmy shifted uncomfortably in his seat, finding it odd for Terry to compliment him despite what he just confessed.

"Thank you."

Sasha rested her head on her arms as she sat against the stone wall, wondering if Roman or Jimmy were out looking for her. Or if they would even be able to find her. She closed her eyes and heard her stomach growl, the sound echoing in the room. She grunted and held her stomach, leaning over due to the pain.

The pain started increasing and she dropped her hands on the ground to catch herself from falling flat out of exhaustion. She felt a rush of nausea and heaved until finally throwing up, it was mostly blood. She squeezed her eyes shut and laid gently on the ground, huddling in a fetal position, hoping to stop the cramping. Her breathes were

shallow and it was cold in the room, she was only still bandaged on her chest and arms with only her underwear, so she wasn't covered much in anything.

She tried to gather warmth on her body, but it didn't seem to work as the wind began picking up outside. The sky was beginning to form dark clouds, it looked like a storm was coming. She began shaking and felt another sharp pain, she cried and clenched her stomach.

"Please stop," she whispered in pain, she began rubbing her stomach slowly

Unexpectedly, the pain suddenly stopped, and she was able to breathe. She looked down and placed her hand onto the pelvic area. It's all seemed so unreal to her up until this point when she realized she had something else living inside of her. Despite how much she was afraid, she was still pregnant. Whatever creature was growing inside of her, it may have been a piece of Roman, but it was also a piece of her. She dropped her head on the ground and sighed.

"So, I take it I'm going to be an uncle then?"

Sasha furrowed her brows and opened her eyes looking ahead of her to see two black shoes standing in front of her. Her eyes followed the long leg up to see a man looking down at her. Sasha gasped and sat up as quick as she was able.

She opened her mouth in shock, "Jonathan?"

The young man stared down at her with a sad but warm smile on his face.

"Hey kiddo."

Jimmy pulled up behind a small construction site near the docks, he put his car in park while the other his men parked aside of him. They stepped out and looked around, making sure Aiden's men weren't anywhere around.

Terry inspected the area, "We're on the opposite side of where the rest of the NYPD are trying to get in there."

Jimmy took out his gun and cocked it, "And you see how much progress they're making."

Terry gave an unimpressed look to the young man. Bruce jumped out of the car and sniffed around. He then quickly barked and bolted in the direction of a small area close to the water, it was a smaller tunnel that looked like it had been clawed out. The men all followed the Doberman and looked at the small opening.

Terry furrowed his brows, there were pieces of cement and steel that were scratched into, "What the hell did this?"

Jimmy looked at him, "Guess we'll just have to find out right?" he smirked

Terry glanced back down at the hole and noticed Bruce crawl inside.

Jimmy lifted his hand, "Ladies first."

The detective placed his gun in the holder and reluctantly climbed into the narrow hole. Jimmy looked around, making sure no one saw them and took a breath, "Okay," he whispered, crawling inside too.

28. Glutton

You wouldn't expect to see such a natural landscape underneath the city. It was unusually beautiful for being an underground sewer system. The tunnels could easily be described as a 19th century labyrinth of separate tunnels and storm drains. The urban architecture was seamlessly breathtaking despite the dark and decaying parts of the area. Some sunlight was peeking through the manholes above, but getting darker as they descended further down.

The wind was starting to get rougher, and the water was now coming in from the hole they'd just climbed into. It would be suicide to come out that way anymore, they'd have to find another exit.

Jimmy looked around, there was endless corridors and passageways. Bruce sniffed around and walked down one path in particular. It was lit with a sort of blue lighting, Jimmy looked over at his men and lifted his hand. The guard reached into his pocket to grab a flashlight and hand it over to Terry. The detective glanced down at his hand.

"Don't you need one too?" he asked

Jimmy shook his head and shrugged, "I can see better in the dark than you can."

Terry nodded and grabbed the light, turning it on and pointing it down the tunnel. Bruce's eyes lit in contrast with the light and Terry could almost swear he saw Bruce's eyes glow bright red for a second. Jimmy walked past him and headed for Bruce.

"Go on Bruce," he spoke

The Doberman licked his lips and turned to continue down the steps, there was water dripping down the walls. They ended up at a two-way entrance.

Terry turned to Jimmy, "Which one?"

Jimmy looked down to the right hall and heard footsteps farther down. He turned to his men, "You two go down this way, I want you

to alert the others. If I know Aiden, he'll have an army of guys patrolling the area."

Terry looked down the hall Jimmy was talking about, seeing faint lights all the way on the other side. The guards nodded and headed down the corridor. Terry reached down for his transceiver.

"Commissioner?" he spoke

He listened for anything on the other end, but all he could hear was fuzz ringing through.

"Commissioner, can you hear me?" he asked again

Jimmy looked at the transceiver, "There's no point Walker, we're too far underground for you to contact anyone up there."

Terry groaned and tried walking around to get a better reception. Jimmy glanced back to the sound of footsteps coming towards them, he quickly turned to Terry and pulled him into the left tunnel.

"What the hell Darrow?" he asked irritably

Jimmy clasped a hand over his mouth and pulled him into a large crack in the stone wall. Luckily for them, there was only one of Aiden's men patrolling the area. Jimmy looked back at Terry and put a finger to his own lips, shushing the detective quiet. He then pulled out a knife and backed away on the other end of the wall, waiting for the guard to come closer.

Terry furrowed his brows, "What are you doing? In front a cop? Don't be stupid."

Jimmy rolled his eyes and whispered back, "Just shut up and trust me Walker, would you?"

"What?!"

The guard finally walked past, and Terry realized Jimmy was gone, he looked around, but he was nowhere to be found. The guard spotted Terry and he quickly pulled up his gun to aim it at him. Terry quickly reached down for his pistol and pointed it at the man.

He then noticed Jimmy behind the guard, his eyes seeming to glow in the dark. He kicked the guard's leg, sending him forward and driving the knife into his chest.

"No!" Terry shouted

But it was too late, the guard grunted and fell to the ground. Terry shot his eyes back up to Jimmy, "Are you insane? You just killed someone!"

Jimmy stared at him and pointed to the body, Terry looked down to see the man now fading into black dust. Terry's mouth opened in astonishment, he looked up at Jimmy, who stared at him with no emotion. Terry backed away from him and pulled out his gun, aiming it for Jimmy.

"What's going on Jimmy?" he asked suspiciously

Jimmy blinked, "If you pull that trigger Walker, it won't turn out pleasant for you," he threatened

'-Walker-come-in,' a muffled voice came in through the transceiver

Terry quickly reached for it before Jimmy jumped forward and slammed Terry against the wall. The detective dropped the transceiver into the dark waters. Terry kicked Jimmy in the stomach and he backed away. He aimed his gun for Jimmy's head while the man only glared up at him.

"I thought the whole point here was to save Sasha," he asked

Terry frowned, "I just saw a man turn into dust Darrow and you're okay with that?"

Jimmy sighed and stood up, "He wasn't human Terry."

The detective scoffed, "Yeah no shit."

Jimmy was about to speak when they heard a noise come from the other direction of the sewer. Jimmy reached down and picked up the guard's gun. They both quickly pointed their weapons towards the noise. A guard seemed to be running away from something until

turning to see the two aiming their weapons at him.

The men all heard a sudden a low growl vibrate through the tunnel. The guard pulled his gun up to shoot them before being dragged back into the darkness. Jimmy and Terry listened to the man's screams and backed away slowly at the sound of crunching. Jimmy stopped and stared at the shadows.

Pennywise shot his yellow eyes up at him and licked his bloody lips. The clown slowly stood up and stared at him. Jimmy lowered his gun, Terry couldn't see through the dark and pulled out his flashlight, pointing it to where Jimmy was focused on. The light moved around the darkness before stopping and landing on what looked like... a clown?

"What the hell?!" he said as he stepped back

Pennywise smiled mischievously when he spotted Terry. Jimmy furrowed his brows and turned back to Terry, before realizing why he was smiling. Pennywise raised his brows and let out a breath as he took a step forward. Terry lifted his gun and aimed it at the clown, Jimmy quickly turned back and knocked them both to the ground. The bullet ricochet off the walls and landed inches away from Pennywise' foot. The clown growled and lunged for them.

Jimmy looked to Terry, "Close your eyes."

Terry creased his forehead in confusion but did as he was told. He could hear the clown's growls and fast paces until everything went quiet. He slowly opened his eyes and realized they were in another part of the sewers, a dryer part with more sunlight inside. He looked over to see Jimmy looking around as well.

"What just happened?" he asked

Jimmy looked down at him, "I just saved your ass twice."

Terry stood up, "Was that a fucking clown?"

Jimmy chuckled and patted the dirt off his coat, "It would seem so," he looked back up to Terry, "And he does *not* like you."

29. Dear John

Sasha rubbed her eyes and looked back up to see Jonathan was still standing there. He stared at her and slowly knelt down to the ground, his eyes not leaving hers. He lifted his arm and reached for her face, Sasha quickly backed away. He frowned and placed his gloved hand on his knee. He looked exactly the same way he did the day she lost him.

"It's me Sasha, I'm not going to hurt you," he insisted calmly

"You're not real," she breathed, grabbing her head in fear and shutting her eyes

He watched her, "Yes. I am," he grabbed both her arms and slowly pulled them down. He gave a quick smile and shrugged, "Relatively speaking."

"How?"

John then frowned sadly, "Because you're dying."

She let out a breath while her lip began trembling, she leaped forward into his arms as he held her tightly. She cried into his shoulder, muffled words saying his name and how much she missed him. He closed his eyes and rubbed the back of her head.

"Sh, sh, sh, it's okay Sash," he whispered

She laid in his arms for what felt like a good ten minutes without saying a word. But Jonathan didn't move, he sat there with Sasha in his arms, comforting her.

Finally, after a long pause of silence, Jonathan decided to speak up, "I'm proud of you, you've been so strong," he whispered.

Sasha opened her eyes and looked up to him, "All I've done was mess everything up," she sniffed

Jonathan sat back, leaning against the wall and chuckled, "What did you mess up?"

"I could have saved a lot more lives than I have, I could have saved you," she cried

Jonathan creased his brows, "No. I died because I *chose* to protect you. I chose that Sasha."

She shook her head, "What about all those kids? What about Georgie? All those lives taken because I decided to choose a man over them?"

John shook his finger at her, "You had no idea about them, that was not your fault. And you saved lives Sasha, do you not remember those kids? Don't listen to the illusions Aiden conjures up in your head. He wants you to feel guilt. To feel vulnerable. It makes him stronger," he gently grabbed her face, "do you understand me?"

She closed her eyes as tears fell down her cheek, she slowly nodded and he released her face, placing his hand back around her.

He cleared his throat, "Now as for who you chose to be with..."

She looked up at him, fearing what he might say.

"Despite his many...many....many... -"

"John."

"*Many* flaws," he glanced down at her, "he does care about you. And to be honest I don't think he's ever had something like you before in his entire life."

Sasha sniffed and wiped her eyes.

"I don't know what you did Sasha. But you managed to break him down. And who knows, you might be able to even change him," he said

She shifted in his arms to get closer, "I doubt that."

He tilted his head, "I don't. I think this new responsibility of yours will change a lot of things."

Sasha thought about his advice and smiled, leaning back against him.

He held onto her and kissed her head. He noticed she was shivering and took off his long coat to wrap around her.

"We have to get you out of here," he said, "I'm not letting you die."

She glanced up at the ceiling, "how are we going to do that?"

"Leave that to me when the time comes," he answered

She nodded and rested against him, feeling sleep wanting to take over.

It was quiet in the room for a few moments before...

"I still can't believe you're pregnant, don't you use protection?" he asked

"Shut up Jonathan."

"You're a what?" Terry asked

Jimmy continued walking down the tunnel, he rolled his eyes, "Don't be so ignorant to think humans are the only ones on this planet Walker."

Terry stared at him while they walked, "So does that make Sasha...?"

Jimmy smirked, "Surprise."

Terry looked away, thinking about all the time he spent with her and not even realizing it.

"And that clown? Trying to kill us?"

They ended up in a part of the sewer where the water was flowing through rapidly down the drain. Jimmy grunted and hopped onto a large broken cement piece poking above the water.

He turned to Terry, "he was trying to kill you. Not me."

"Why me?"

He took a few steps back and ran to jump over the water, nearly slipping and falling into the water before Jimmy grabbed his collar and pulled him close, "Because you have a thing for his woman."

Terry gave a look of confusion while Jimmy let him go and turned to walk ahead. He shook his head, trying to understand what Jimmy was insinuating.

He raised his hand and reached for Jimmy's shoulder, "Wait," the man turned to the detective, "So you mean to tell me that, that thing, is with Sasha? Is *that* who the father of her baby is?"

Jimmy stared at the young man, "you know for a detective you seem to be having trouble putting two and two together."

Terry ran his hand through his hair, "I can't believe this."

Jimmy looked back down the tunnel, hearing more voices, "Well believe it. C'mon let's go."

Terry followed him and stopped when they ended up in a large part of the sewer that was open, it was an enormous room with metal railing and dirt paths on the sides of the walls leading up to different tunnelways. There was over ten of Aiden's men guarding the room, it was dark but there was daylight coming from parts of the ceiling. Jimmy knew Aiden had to be around somewhere, but he wouldn't show himself yet.

"What now?" Terry asked, now realizing he was surrounded by nothing but demons, he pulled his gun out.

Jimmy looked around, "We look for Aiden."

The two heard a gun click and turned their heads to see his green glowing eyes staring at them in amusement.

Jimmy grimaced and they dropped their guns, "Shit."

Aiden grinned at them with a smug look on his face, "Well then. How bout' it Jimmy? You found me."

30. Pagliacci

"Romanoff." Jimmy said dryly

Aiden cringed, "That's what my father was addressed as. Just the first name will do thank you. Now drop the guns."

The two didn't move.

"I think it would be smart to listen to the guy pointing the gun at your head boys," Aiden smirked

Terry turned to Jimmy, who clenched his jaw and reluctantly dropped their weapons. They walked forward into the large corridor. The rest of the guards watching them and readying their weapons.

"Cuff them please boys," Aiden ordered

The guards placed handcuffs on them and Jimmy noticed Latin engraved in the stainless steel. He closed his eyes in aggravation, knowing he couldn't escape from these bonds without a key.

"Aren't you proud of me? I've thought of everything," he said happily

Aiden lowered his weapon and glared at the men, "You know I was excited for a moment there."

They both turned to see Aiden now walking in front of them, "I thought you were someone else."

Jimmy rolled his eyes, "Sorry to disappoint."

Aiden walked over to Jimmy, "Haven't seen you in forever Jimmy, how you been?"

Jimmy glared at him with hateful eyes, but remained quiet.

Aiden frowned, "How's Adam?" He lifted his hand to his head, "oh wait duh... I killed him."

Jimmy growled and swung his fist at Aiden. Punching him in the

face, Aiden backed away, holding his nose. A guard punched Jimmy in the stomach and he fell to the ground. Terry tried to move towards him, but he was held back by another man.

Aiden wiped the blood from his nose, "Your dead Darrow. Just like your faggot boyfriend," he sneered

Jimmy held his stomach but glowered up at Aiden from the ground, "Not until you die first."

Aiden quirked his head, "I've been told that a few times today. What gives?"

The two watched a large guard walk over towards Aiden, a device in his hand. Terry furrowed his brows when he realized that the device was his transceiver. Aiden smiled and reached for the device, he turned to Terry.

"Lose something detective?" he asked

Terry stared at him, "Don't Aiden. You'll only create more trouble for yourself. It's not worth it."

Aiden raised a brow, "Oh but I think it's very much worth it," he smiled

Terry watched him raise the transceiver to his face, "Commissioner? It's agent Walker. Can you hear me?"

There was slight fuzz coming though before a voice finally spoke out, *'Walker. T-nk god, we th-t something might have h-pened to you. We made it inside. Where -are you located?'*

Aiden chuckled and clicked the button once more, "I'm on the west end. Make your way over there. I've found Aiden. We'll need as much back up as we can get. He's got a lot of men with him."

'It's sta-rting to rain Walker, th-at part of the sew-ers could be flood-ed by then.'

Terry realized what Aiden was trying to do. He jumped forward and tried to reach for the device. Two men grabbed him and threw him to

the ground.

"Trust me Commissioner, Sasha's down here. He has her locked up. She'll drown if we don't work fast."

'-Alright Walker, we're on o-ur way.'

"No! Don't!" Terry shouted

The guard kicked Terry in his side. The detective coughed and held his ribs.

"See you in a few Commissioner," Aiden finished and threw the transceiver to the ground. Smashing it with his boot.

"Oh my, wouldn't it be a shame if I sent my men down there to lock them inside?" he asked

Terry gritted his teeth and glared at Aiden. Aiden sighed and placed his hands in his pockets, "Get rid of them."

The men grabbed the two and dragged them up the metal stairs into another smaller hallway. Terry stared at Jimmy, but the man's face was emotionless as he focused ahead. Terry glanced around, they made their way down far enough where it was just them and four of Aiden's workers. Jimmy looked over at the guard's gun and whipped an elbow back to strike the man in the face. Another guard was about to shoot at Jimmy before Terry lunged for the man and slammed his head into the stone wall.

The guard fell to the ground and Terry grabbed his gun, turning and shooting at them. They fell to the ground and Terry turned to Jimmy who searched for the keys.

Terry looked up to see the guards he just shot start to get back up, "Darrow."

"Yeah?" Jimmy asked, still searching for the keys

Terry backed away slowly, "They're getting back up."

Jimmy turned back to the men and groaned, "Then keep shooting

them until I find the keys Walker. You can do that."

The detective looked back up to the men who grabbed their guns, there was blood dripping from their wounds, but it didn't seem to faze them. He shot them again, but they got back up, getting more and more agitated. Terry shot their hands, blowing off their fingers to prevent them from pulling the trigger. Jimmy glanced up to see the fourth guard behind Terry. He shot his hands up and pulled the trigger, shooting the guard in the face.

Terry ducked quickly and gave a glare to Jimmy.

Jimmy snorted, "Your alive, aren't you?" And went over towards that guard to search for the keys.

By this time, they were only a few feet away and the two men were pressed up against the stone wall, the exit aside of the guards headed for them. Jimmy grunted in frustration, not being able to find the keys. The demon finally standing back up, rubbing his jaw from when Jimmy punched him.

"We're running out of time Darrow."

One of the guards stepped forward and Terry saw his eyes change to a bright red hue. He narrowed his eyes, ready to shoot them again when nothing came out of the gun. He was out of bullets.

"Dammit!" Terry muttered

The demon chuckled and took another step, but was pulled into the dark waters below. There was splashing until the sight of blood stained the liquid. The two demons stepped back, the men all watched as an orange haired clown rose from the water, grinning at them. Wet hair stuck to his skin and the darkness of the tunnel contouring his features on his white face.

One of the guards grabbed a gun and quickly pulled the trigger, shooting Pennywise in the chest multiple times. The clown backed away, shaking at the force of the led impaling his skin. Jimmy finally found the keys and pulled Terry to the side, unlocking both cuffs from their wrists.

"The boss wants him alive," one of the guards said

Another guard walked near his side, "He'll be less of a problem dead," walking closer to the crying clown on the ground.

He reached down to grip Pennywise' ruffled sleeve, the clown giggled dangerously low and snapped his head to the man. Shooting up to his hand to grab at the guard's wrist and sliding his teeth into his skin, dismembering the arm. The demon shouted and cried in pain as he fell into the dark waters. Pennywise giggled and pulled him out of the water by the throat. The demon hissed at the clown, which only amused him further.

Jimmy noticed the guard head for Pennywise with his blade, Jimmy teleported behind him and stabbed the demon in the chest. The clown looked at Jimmy, who looked back at him. Pennywise turned back to the guard in his hand and smiled, smelling his fear.

A knife was suddenly thrown into the man's chest, impaling his heart. The guard as well as the rest of the men looked back to see Aiden standing at the end of the tunnel.

"What was that about killing?" he spoke

Pennywise shot his head back to see the man fade away in his hands. The clown slowly dropped his hand and turned to Aiden, a red frown on his face.

Aiden laughed, "Did I ruin your meal?"

He stared at Pennywise, "Can't find her, can you?" he smiled

Jimmy could hear Pennywise growl.

"I hid her pretty well, that even you can't reach her," he stated

Jimmy slowly backed away, seeing the clown before him gradually change into some large animal. The fabric on his clothing ripping open while fur peeked through.

"Come on big guy," Aiden stepped back and grabbed two blades from behind his coat and smiled, "let's see who the scariest one is."

Pennywise barred his sharp fangs and leaped forward towards Aiden, who did the same. The silver haired man slid underneath Pennywise and sliced his chest. Pennywise howled and shook his long furry neck, his dog like body turned to face the demon despite the burning flesh.

Aiden chuckled, "That's the best you got?" he asked

Pennywise snarled and ran for the demon, Jimmy turned to Terry and grabbed his arm, teleporting them just outside the large corridor where Aiden's men were located. The detective looked down to see Jimmy grab a small mechanism in his hand. He pressed a button on it and the device began beeping.

"What is that?" he asked

Jimmy looked over the giant room, "plan B."

They both turned to see Aiden and Pennywise come closer. Jimmy once again grabbed Terry, "Time to go."

Terry shouted when they both jumped off the ledge, landing on a metal railing far below. The guards all looked up to the noise and lifted their guns. Jimmy shot up and started running for a small metal blockage on the gate a few feet away, Terry following close behind. Bullets ricochet off the walls and pierced the thin metal behind them. Terry looked back, but quickly retracted his head when a bullet nearly missed his skull.

He turned to Jimmy, "This is your plan B?"

Jimmy lifted his wrist to look at his watch, "one..."

A bullet then grazed passed Terry's arm and he hissed in pain, "Darrow!"

"Two..."

The detective gripped his arm. Jimmy smirked and looked up and pointed.

A rush of bullets began firing on the opposite side of the room at the

guards. The two men turned to see a crowd of Jimmy's workers make their way inside the room from the upper tunnels, attacking the opposing side.

Jimmy grinned and turned to Terry, "There's your plan B."

31. Wrath

Bruce trotted through the tunnels until he stopped and perked his ears up. He started growling at the darkness, the hair on his back standing up as he bared his sharp fangs. The steps started getting closer before stopping in front of the Doberman. Bruce quickly licked his lips and raised his ears, his tail started wagging as he walked up to the dark figure.

Jonathan lowered himself and reached over for Bruce. The dog jumped up and whined as he licked the young man's face.

John smiled and scratched Bruce's ears, "Hey buddy." Bruce nuzzled his nose into Jonathan's chest.

He looked down at Bruce and placed a hand on his head, "I need you to do something for me Bruce."

The canine looked up at his owner with loyal red eyes.

Sasha woke up to a cold breeze hitting her skin. She shivered and realized she was lying on the ground. She shot up and quickly glanced around the room. Panic started to set in until noticed the coat was still around her.

"John?" she spoke up

She held her chest, and struggled to stand up. She was still so tired, it was exhausting trying to lift herself up. She was nearly about to fall back onto the ground before feeling hands grab her, catching her. She looked up to see Jonathan.

"What are you doing?" he asked with concern

"I thought you left," she said

John stared at her and helped her up, "I'm not leaving you."

Sasha smiled and hugged him. Jonathan glanced up to the ceiling, "The storms getting worse."

She looked up and he held her tighter, "Means the waters rising."

"What do we do?" she asked

He glanced down and wiped the hair from her face and smiled, "You mean what are *you* going to do?"

She furrowed her brows, "What? You're not helping me?"

Jonathan shook his head, "I am helping you. But in order for me to do that. You have to help me first."

She didn't understand, "What are you talking about?"

He looked down at the ground, his eyes grazing the Devil's Trap, "We need to break this," he returned his attention to her, "I need you to get very emotional right now."

She scoffed, "I'm sorry?"

"You have more power than you think you do Sash."

She took a step back and glanced at the door, "I can't just get worked up on the spot."

He quirked a brow, "You've done it plenty of times before?"

She frowned and slapped him. He flinched and rubbed his arm, "ow."

She sighed, "alright, but you're not going to like it."

Her older sibling gave a long look of bewilderment and slight worry.

Jimmy stood up and rushed down the metal steps, there was a guard running for them.

"I've got this one," Jimmy said

Terry looked down at the ground far below to see crowds of men with glowing red eyes attacking one another. He turned back to Jimmy, who punched the demon in the face and threw him over the railing. He leaned down and grabbed the weapons on the ground.

The two both turned to see Aiden leap out of the tunnel onto a large stone ledge on the wall. There was blood on the side of his face as he panted.

"Come on," Jimmy ordered, running down the metal steps, throwing a pistol to Terry.

Pennywise walked out of the darkness aside of him and lashed his clawed hand against Aiden's arm. Aiden backed away and gripped the gash on his skin. He sneered and looked up, but the clown was gone. He peered around looking for him before spotting Jimmy and Terry.

He growled and lifted his gun, aiming it at them and pulling the trigger. A bullet landed on the metal railing, inches away from Jimmy's hand.

The men looked up at Aiden, who frowned at them from where he stood. Terry turned back and pressed Jimmy ahead, trying to get to the ground as fast as they could. Aiden pulled the trigger again, this time hitting Jimmy in the shoulder. He tripped to the ground and gritted his teeth, the bullets burned through his skin.

"Jim!" Terry shouted, kneeling next to his friend and shielding him

Jimmy grunted, "Holy Water," he muttered

The detective could hear the sound of burning on the skin. Jimmy glared back up at Aiden who was now smiling.

Terry reached down for his gun and pulled it up to shoot at Aiden, but he easily dodged the bullet. The demon chuckled and aimed the gun back up to Jimmy's head, "Say hello to Adam for me."

Jimmy noticed Pennywise appear from the shadows behind Aiden. The demon's eyes looked to the side and paused a few moments before snapping back and trying to shoot the clown. Pennywise swiftly caught his arm and twisted it. Aiden shouted in pain and dropped the gun, the clown's other hand gripped his throat and picked him up over the edge. Pennywise opened his mouth and

snarled at Aiden.

Terry grabbed Jimmy and pulled him down the metal steps. There was so much going on that Jimmy didn't even notice Bruce waiting at the bottom of the steps.

"Bruce!" Jimmy shouted

The Doberman barked and bolted down another lit tunnel. Jimmy picked up his pace before tripping and holding his shoulder. Terry grabbed his free arm and wrapped it around his neck.

"What are you doing? Follow the dog!" he chastised

Terry helped him walk, "It's my turn to save you Darrow," he replied.

Jimmy looked up at the detective and chuckled, "Lead the way Walker."

32. Hindsight

Water began flowing through the tunnel below into the gap on the floor from the storm. Aiden glanced down at the rapid waters and smirked.

"This is exactly how I had Sasha," he exhorted

Pennywise squeezed his neck tighter. Aiden gasped for air but snickered, "You know, for someone who does all this," he raised his arms, pointing to the mess of killings down below, "just to save some woman."

The clown only stared at him, moving his jaw around slowly.

Aiden's eyes glowed even brighter, "Who is afraid of you no less, is actually quite sad my friend."

Pennywise frowned but didn't release his grip, instead took another step to hang Aiden further over the rapids.

He clung onto his ruffled wrist and sneered, "she doesn't love you."

Aiden then spotted a flash of disapproval on the clown's face and grinned, "That's what you're afraid of isn't it?"

The clown looked up to his eyes.

"Your afraid of losing her to someone else," he breathed

Pennywise' eyes fell in thought for a moment, Aiden took the opportunity to quickly kick the clown in the face. He stepped back while Aiden fell forward and grabbed his gun, turning and shooting the clown in the abdomen. Pennywise made a small noise before falling onto the ground, holding the bullet wound in what looked like pain. Aiden smirked and looked over to see a part the metal railing lying on the ground. He stood up and adjusted his collar, picking up the metal pipe and sauntering over.

"I'm not doing that," Jonathan scowled

Sasha groaned, "There's no other way John."

He paced around, and rubbed his head in frustration until stopping and standing in front of her, raising his hand.

"I don't like it Sasha," he replied

She walked closer to him and grabbed his hand, "trust me."

He stared at her before shaking his head and closing his eyes, letting out an angered breath. He looked at Sasha before disappearing from the room. She stared at the ground, noticing the light in the room was fading. She looked up at the ceiling and noticed a large amount of water coming through the hole. She stepped away from the freezing liquid and inched closer to the door.

There was the sound of bullets and muffled words heard from the other side. She leaned in and listened before jumping back when the latch lifted. John stared at her, he was covered in blood. John looked down at the door to see a large handle on it, he reached down and tried pulling it up. But it wouldn't budge.

A powerful aroma of iron mixed in with wet soil entered the cistern. Sasha froze and closed her eyes, inhaling the scent while it changed into something sweet and inviting.

"Not so scary now are you?" Aiden smiled as he walked closer to the clown

Pennywise leaned over and spit out the bullet. Aiden raised the pipe and slammed it across the clown's face. Pennywise fell back onto the dirt.

He could hear Aiden laugh, "I gotta' tell you, this is priceless. It really is."

Pennywise struggled to get back up before Aiden lashed the metal bar across his skull once again, slightly cracking it open.

"Big bad scary clown is afraid of losing his girlfriend."

Aiden shook his head and wiped his face, "to be honest, I don't know how something like you managed to get a piece of ass like her?"

He chuckled and knelt closer to the clown, who was glaring up at him, "What's your secret?"

Pennywise remained quiet. He sharply kicked the clown in the side, "You call it quits already?" he asked in disappointment, "Tell me."

"Is it easier plowing a woman after you've roughed her up a bit? Hell, it works for me," he grinned with blood across his mouth, "Or do you have to change into that pretty boy persona of yours in order for her to jump in bed with you? Or to get her to even look at you for that matter."

Pennywise growled and shot his hand up to Aiden's throat. He had enough strength to slam the demon against the stone wall. Aiden coughed up some blood and looked up, to his surprise he was looking at Roman.

Roman glared at him, "This pretty boys not finished."

Aiden stared at him before smiling, "Go on. Eat me then. Oh wait... You can't," he started laughing, "Because I'm still not afraid of you."

Roman reached over to grab the blade in Aiden's coat pocket, "I can still kill you."

Aiden stopped and looked down at the water, amusement returning to his face, "Without me, you won't be able to save her in time."

Roman frowned.

John watched his sister, "Sasha?"

She jerked her head down, her eyes now black. She barred her teeth and lunged for John, her arms trying to scratch and grab him through the latch. He jumped back, but Sasha cried in pain at the burning metal and did the same.

He looked inside the room, seeing the water now pouring through the

ceiling. He shot his eyes back to Sasha and noticed her cling onto her stomach. He looked down at the handle once more and pulled it as hard as he could.

"Sasha, honey, I need you to help me here!" he ordered

She fell to the ground and leaned over in pain. All the sounds now ringing in her ears before only hearing her heartbeat, along with another. She could hear Jonathan's faint yells and the crashing of water in the room. She quickly reached up for her head and covered her ears, she began screaming.

John lifted his leg as he tried pulling the latch, it slowly started moving. He peered back into the room, Sasha shot her hand down on the ground. The dirt started to shake and a sudden crack in the floor appeared, reaching all the way towards the door, loosening the handle. Cracking the Devil's Trap in half.

Roman widened his eyes when the feeling of Sasha's presence washed over him.

Aiden sighed, "Fuck."

Roman smirked and turned back to the demon, lifting his arm and raising the blade over him. Aiden quickly teleported behind Roman.

"You want something done right, you just have to do it yourself," he hissed and vanished from the corridor

Roman sneered and clenched on tightly to the blade. Turning and scanning the endless tunnels.

John looked back down to the handle and busted it open, quickly opening the door and rushing inside.

Sasha opened her eyes and fell in exhaustion, she could feel John reach down and grab her.

"I've got you Sash," he whispered, turning and heading out the door. Slamming it shut, trapping the water inside.

He quickly made his way into the halls. After about 15 minutes of constant moving, he stopped when Sasha once again cried out in pain, louder than before. He glanced down at her and looked around, jumping up on a large step and walking into a dry sunlit storm drain, there was an orange tint to the room. He gently placed Sasha on the dirt ground so she could lean up against the wall, she panted and held onto her stomach, breathing fast.

John stared at her and turned his head, hearing noise coming down one of the sewers. He stood up and took a step away from her.

She desperately reached for him, "Don't!"

He turned back to her and softened his eyes, "It's okay. I'll be right back."

She held onto him until slowly nodding and shakily letting go. He smiled and covered her better with his coat before disappearing into the halls.

The room was quiet, Sasha took a long breath and exhaled. She swore she could hear footsteps coming closer. She looked up and slowly picked herself from the ground, she walked towards the middle of the room, getting a better look at the dark tunnel in front of her.

"John?" she asked

The footsteps stopped.

She listened for anything else, but noticed ripples made in the shallow water down the hall. She cautiously took another step forward.

"Roman?"

Once again there was silence. Sasha furrowed her brows, she didn't have a good feeling and took a step back. She gasped when she felt an arm wrap around her and a gun pointed to her head.

Aiden chuckled in her ear and leaned in closer, "Guess again."

33. Romeo

Terry pulled Jimmy through the tunnel, he heard the demon wince at the pain and glanced down.

"I thought demons couldn't die?" he asked

Jimmy looked up at him, "Doesn't mean we can't feel pain."

He leaned up against the wall and hiss, "We can be killed in different ways. But the only right way to go about it is to use a certain blade."

Terry watched Jimmy take off his coat and roll up his sleeve, he reached into his pocket and picked up a knife. Jimmy took a breath and lifted the blade, Terry quickly reached over for his arm.

"What are you doing?" he asked

Jimmy rolled his eyes, "It's just a regular switchblade Walker. Calm down."

Terry released Jimmy and he looked down to place the blade inside of the hole in his skin.

"I need to get this bullet out," he confessed

Jimmy hissed in pain as he dug into the wound, searching for the bullet. Terry shook his head and stepped closer.

"Wait, let me do it," he said

Jimmy opened his mouth to contest, but bit his lip and handed the knife to the detective, "Make another mess and I will punch you."

Terry scoffed, "I know what I'm doing Darrow."

He watched the man as he slowly lifted the knife to his wound, Jimmy winced as it pierced the skin. Terry dug it around until he felt the bullet.

"Try not to punch me," he started

Jimmy closed his eyes and leaned his head back, "I can't make any promises."

Terry gave him a look before pressing the blade deeper inside. Jimmy grunted and clenched his jaw, the led sizzled as it scraped against the skin. The bullet finally fell onto the ground and Jimmy let out a relieved breath.

The detective lowered his blade and looked down to the bullet, Jimmy stretched his sore arm.

"That's better," he stated

"Good," he turned back down the hall, "Let's get moving."

Jimmy nodded and stood up, putting his coat back on. They walked down into a smaller room that looked like some sort of tech room. Terry and Jimmy glanced over to see Bruce sitting in front of the closed door.

There was a gun lying on the ground that appeared to be that of a guards. Jimmy scoffed, "I take it Bruce dealt with the security."

The dog licked his lips and continued panting.

Terry raised his brows and rushed over to the door, opening it to see the numerous buttons and nobs on the counter.

"It's the control room," Terry said

Jimmy smirked and looked down at Bruce, "Good boy."

Bruce wagged his tail and barked.

Aiden twisted Sasha around and looked at her, she glared up at him and tried to grab at his gun. He pulled his arm away and lashed it across her face. She fell down and Aiden caught her, she feebly looked at him.

"Get off me!" she hissed

Aide restrained her, "Why would I do that? I have you right where I want you."

She hissed at him and he smiled, "cute."

"You're not getting away with this Aiden."

He tilted his head, "When are you gonna' realize no one cares about you. You're a waste."

She stared at him, "Your wrong."

He smiled and looked back up to the tunnel, "I think I'm going to have fun with this."

Terry overlooked the counter, searching for the right buttons. Jimmy walked inside and looked at him, "You know how to stop the flooding?" he asked

"I just need to stop the water from reaching the west end of the sewers. The entire NYPD is basically down there."

The demon blinked and looked down at Bruce who fidgeted in his spot. Terry glanced back to Jimmy, "I've got this under control Jim."

Jimmy looked up at the detective.

"I'll meet up with you after this."

Jimmy nodded and turned back to Bruce who jumped up and sprinted out of the room. Jimmy followed Bruce and spotted Pennywise walk past farther down the tunnel. The three of them stopped at the sound of Sasha's screams. Pennywise looked around and quickly hurried towards the source of the noise. Both Bruce and Jimmy tried to keep up with him until turning the corner and running into a dead end. He slammed his fist against the wall.

"God Dammit!" he hissed, he looked back down to Bruce, "Bruce, find Sasha. Now."

The Doberman panted and started shaking, his fur falling off to reveal

his original black scaly complexion and red eyes.

Pennywise emerged from the darkness of the tunnel into the lit room. He could see Aiden, his back facing him as he stared down at something lying on the ground. He turned his head back to the clown and smiled.

"You really attached to that look, aren't you?" he joked

Pennywise stood in his spot, watching Aiden. The demon turned and faced him, "Nothing? Well," he moved away from the body on the floor, "You might want this back."

Pennywise looked down to see Sasha lying motionless on the ground. Aiden stood with his hands in his pockets and watched him. The clown quickly stepped forward for Sasha, he knelt down and picked her up in his arms. She felt so light compared to what he was used to.

He gently grazed his gloved fingers over the fresh cut on her temple. Pennywise growled and glared up at Aiden.

The demon raised a brow, "What? She's not dead. So you have that going for you."

He snapped his fingers.

The clown's attention was brought back to Sasha when she began coughing. She weakly opened her eyes, but they were not green, instead they were glazed over gray and lifeless. Pennywise stared at her, but Sasha quickly lifted her arms to cover her face, scooting away in fear. He furrowed his brows and tried to hold Sasha tighter.

"Get away!" she cried, "Please!"

Pennywise gently released her and backed away, she shook in fear against the wall.

"I think we call that...", Aiden waved his hand around, trying to search for the right word, "Coulrophobia."

Pennywise slowly turned his head to give him a dangerous stare.

Aiden glanced down to the shaking woman on the ground, "Oh c'mon isn't this what you wanted?" he looked back up to Pennywise, "She's afraid! You love fear, right?"

The clown took a step closer to him, to which Aiden backed away, "You mean to tell me, you're not going to eat her?" he feigned shock

Pennywise pulled out the Seraph blade from his sleeve and held it tight. Aiden quickly reached for his gun and aimed it at Sasha's stomach. The clown stopped. Now noticing three other armed men walk in from the tunnels.

"Nice try Romeo, but seeing as I have the upper hand here, I wouldn't try anything funny," he stated in seriousness

Pennywise lowered the blade along with his chin. Aiden smirked and chuckled before lifting his gun and shooting him in the face. Sasha jumped at the sound and cowered in fear. The clown fell onto the ground.

Aiden walked over to him as he weakly tried to get back up. He kicked Pennywise in the face and went tumbling down into the shallow water.

"Your nothing more than a scared little clown wandering the earth in search of helpless kids to eat," he urged

The demon looked over to a large stone on the ground and picked it up, walking over Pennywise and straddled him.

"Your weak. And the one thing that made you feel even remotely loved doesn't even want to look at you," he hissed, slamming the rock against the clown's face.

Sasha abruptly cried out in pain and held her stomach, Pennywise turned his attention to her as Aiden's men walked over to her writhing body. He grunted and grabbed Aiden's arm, but he was now overpowered. Aiden ruthlessly slammed the rock into his face. The clown's head dropped onto the ground as he gasped for air through the blood and water.

Aiden gripped his collar and pulled him up, "I win."

He raised his arm to strike Pennywise once again until a bullet ejected itself through Aiden's shoulder. The demon dropped the stone and gripped his shoulder, turning to the one responsible.

Jimmy lowered his gun and walked out of the tunnel with Bruce bolting for one of the guards.

The demon stared at Aiden, "Consider us even."

34. Juliet

Aiden sneered at Jimmy and lifted himself off the clown, "I thought you might have run off."

Jimmy scoffed, "I'm not you."

Aiden took a step away from the clown before he grabbed his leg. The demon looked down and kicked him off. Aiden turned back to Jimmy.

"No. You're not. Because I'm not a fag," he hissed

Jimmy took a step back from Aiden, who smiled at him. He turned and bolted into the sewer, Aiden laughed, "We're not playing this game, are we?" he asked

Jimmy ran halfway through the tunnel before Aiden teleported himself in front of him. He lashed his fist at the young demon's face. Jimmy fell against the wall. Aiden punched his shoulder and Jimmy winced.

He shook his head, "Don't be scared Jimmy."

Jimmy furrowed his brows, "It's not you I'm backing away from."

Aiden frowned and turned his head to see Pennywise staring at him with evil glowing ember eyes. Aiden whipped his hand to the clown who swiftly caught his arm, lifting him and throwing him into the stone wall. Jimmy looked up at the clown who turned back to him, he quickly got up and ran back for the room.

Jimmy rushed through the arched entrance and scanned the room for Sasha, he noticed the guards on the floor. He glanced up to see a man looking over Sasha.

He walked closer and raised his gun, "Get away from her!" he ordered

The man turned his head to look at Jimmy. He dropped his arm and stared at the man in disbelief.

"John?" he said softly

Jonathan stared at him before nudging his head over to the guards, "Hello Jimmy."

Pennywise slowly turned back to Aiden who angrily sat back up, "Get it through that oversized head of yours I am not afraid of you!"

Pennywise suddenly opened his mouth and chuckled through the blood on his face. He looked down the other direction of the tunnel, Aiden did the same.

There was a black silhouette of a person standing in the low lighting. Aiden stood up and scoffed, "You're not the only one who can create illusions."

Pennywise didn't respond, only giggled as the figure walked closer. Aiden stared before widening his eyes and backing away. The figure stepped into the light.

"Father?" he whispered

Romanoff stood stoic as he stared at his son, "Aiden."

Jonathan gave Sasha one last look over as he somehow managed to calmed her down.

He frowned, "She's under some sort of hex."

Jimmy looked at Sasha, "How do we snap her out of it?"

John sighed, "I don't know," he ran his fingers through his hair, "I was supposed to protect her."

Jimmy shook his head, "You are protecting her John."

He looked to his friend, "Did Bruce show you the control room?" he asked anxiously

Jimmy opened his mouth, "That was you?" he asked

John nodded.

The guards started moving from their spot, Jimmy looked over to John and threw him another blade. They walked over to the men and shoved their blades into their hearts.

"I'm sorry about Adam Jim," John said, standing up and watching the men fade away to dust.

Jimmy looked over to John and softened his eyes as they fell to the ground, "It's alright."

They both turned to hear a few guards' lights peer through the tunnel across from them. Jimmy sighed, John glanced at him.

"Tired already?" he joked

Jimmy scoffed, "Me? Of course not."

John chuckled and turned to Bruce, "Bruce. Protect Sasha."

Bruce stared at them before turning and lying over by Sasha. Nuzzling close to her.

The men drew their blades and the sibling walked forward, "One last fight?"

"Hope you're not rusty," Jimmy replied.

Aiden stared at his father before scoffing, "You're not real. And even if you were I'm glad you're dead."

Romanoff gave a passive glance, "You were always my biggest disappointment Aiden."

His son backed away from him. Romanoff walked closer, passing Pennywise as he grinned in amusement.

"Your biggest disappointment?" he laughed, "Meanwhile you have the audacity to kick me out and allow low life scum into your life?"

The older man placed his hands behind his back, "You're the scum Aiden. Why do you think I disowned you?"

Aiden gritted his teeth and pulled his gun, "How dare you!" He pulled the trigger, bullets flew through the tunnel

Aiden opened his eyes, but both Pennywise and his father were gone.

The two guards walked through the tunnel and stopped when they spotted Sasha lying on the ground. One of the skinnier men smirked and turned to his larger partner, who did the same. They continued walking closer while the thinner guard entered the room. The larger brute kept up until Jimmy teleported behind him and kicked his legs in.

He fell to the ground and looked up to see Jonathan staring down at him, "John?" he asked in shock

"Hello Richard," he said dryly

Jimmy shoved his blade into Richard's chest. The demon looked up at John who turned his back to him, "Goodbye Richard."

The remaining guard looked down at Sasha, Bruce poked his head up and began growling. He stood over Sasha while the hair on his back stood up. The guard aimed his gun at them, but gasped when John clasped his hand over his mouth and stabbed him in the chest. The guard looked down at the blade and fell to the ground. Now fading to black smoke.

Jimmy walked up behind Jonathan who was focused on the demon turning to ash.

"I don't think I'll ever forget how that feels," John said, placing his own hand on his chest

Jimmy turned to his friend and paused a few moments before placing a hand on his shoulder, "Who did it John?" he asked

Jonathan looked at Jimmy.

"Was it Roman?"

John looked back down at Sasha and shook his head, "No."

Aiden panted and turned around, only to see a decaying illusion of Romanoff. The old man's eyes glowed bright green as he slammed his son against the wall.

"I never loved you Aiden," he gurgled

Aiden stared at his father in shock and kicked him away, flipping over and running in the opposite direction, towards the sunlit room just ahead. He tripped when something grabbed his ankle, Aiden looked back to see his decomposing father try and drag him back.

"You belong in hell with me."

Aiden growled and shot his father in the face, "I hate you! I hope you rot!"

Romanoff fell limp on the ground with his eyes still open, he was dragged back into the liquid. Pennywise slowly rose from the water, giggling at him.

The demon quickly shot back up and ran passed the arched entrance to the room, he turned back to see the clown wasn't chasing him. He panted and turned back around, he stopped inches away from Johnathan.

"Jonathan...", he said in fear

His sibling frowned and punched Aiden in the face. The demon tripped back and held his nose, "What's with the nose!" he shouted irritably

John walked closer to him, "Sorry, here let me try again."

Aiden wiped the blood from his face and sniffed, "Your just another illusion Capello. Go away."

John smirked at his words. Jimmy and Bruce walked close behind.

The demon felt a hand wrap around the back of his neck, throwing him across the room. Aiden landed unkindly on the dirt ground. Pennywise sauntered over to Aiden and gripped his throat, pinning him to the wall. Aiden stared at the clown and panted with eyes full of fear.

Pennywise giggled, "Tasty fear," he licked his lips

Sasha gasped and cried out in pain once again, John looked to his sister and rushed over to her. Pennywise turned to Sasha, who started coughing up blood.

Aiden looked down at the clown, "You love her enough to let me go?" he smirked

Pennywise could hear Sasha groaned in agony and start shaking.

The clown shook his head, troubled thoughts racing through his mind.

"It's her or me Roman," he said

Pennywise frowned and squeezed his neck, pulling him closer and hissing, "Do *not* call me Roman."

He dropped the demon to the ground and turned to head for Sasha. Aiden's eyes began to glow as he teleported near Sasha. He looked to Jonathan and shot him in the chest, he fell back, dropping his blade. Jonathan stood back up and stared at Aiden, his eyes glowing like his brother.

Aiden growled and looked to Sasha, he glanced around anxiously and picked her face up. She weakly looked at the men before her, not even recognizing them. Aiden shakily raised his gun and put it to her temple, Sasha remained in a trance with half lidded eyes.

They stopped and stood there, staring at Aiden. John stepped forward.

"I swear Aiden, you pull that trigger and your dead," he threatened

Aiden snickered nervously, "Oh really? And if I did I couldn't just

vanish from this shithole?"

Pennywise walked closer to him and Aiden pulled Sasha's hair back, she cried out in pain. The clown froze and grimaced.

Aiden chuckled and stood up, dropping the woman to the ground, still pointing his gun at her.

"Even if I don't get out of here. I still have control over her and I'll take her away from you," he looked to Pennywise, "And do what I want with her."

There was surprisingly no reaction out of the clown, he instead stared at the man before him. Aiden noticed Jimmy back away slowly.

Aiden quirked his head while John focused on something behind him. Aiden turned around to see Sasha sitting up, her hair falling over her face. He scowled and walked closer to her.

"Hey! You better sit back down," he ordered

She didn't move.

Aiden rolled his eyes, "Did you hear me? I said," he tried kicked at her chest

Sasha quickly shot her hand up and gripped his leg, Aiden stood confused

She slowly lifted her head, her eyes now black with black veins pulsing through her skin. His eyes widened in shock. She showed no emotion on her face and threw Aiden to the ground, not knowing where the sudden burst of energy was coming from. She stood up while John's coat fell from her shoulders.

Sasha waved her tattooed hand in the air. Jimmy could feel the ground shaking and looked to the tunnels, seeing shadow figures appear from the darkness.

He quickly turned to John who whispered, "Well this is familiar."

Aiden scooted away from the woman in fear and tried to get back up.

He scurried to the exit before Jonathan shot him in the leg with his own gun. Aiden cried out in pain at the burning and fell to the ground, looking up to see the dark figures watching him. He turned back around to see Pennywise stand back, allowing Sasha to pick up the blade from the ground and walk over to him.

He snarled at the woman and backed away, "I'll find a way to come back! I'll kill you! You disgusting half breed! I'll kill each and every one of you!" he screamed

Sasha stood over him and stared at him in hunger, Aiden panted and tried to get up. But she placed her foot on his chest and pinned him down, he struggled to get free. She lowered herself on him and leaned in closer, sweat now sliding down his forehead as he watched her trance like state.

"Fear," she whispered, slicing his throat with the blade

Aiden gargled and held the now gaping lesion. Sasha stared at the blood before attacking him and feeding. Jimmy stared at Sasha in shock while Jonathan had an unreadable look on his face. Pennywise stood before them both and watched her intensely.

35. Deep End

Terry pressed separate buttons on the control panel, locking different areas of the sewer to prevent the water from bursting through. He looked over and noticed a smaller green button underneath a plastic casing. He lifted the cover and pressed it. Yellow lights began flashing above him. Since the water from the west part of the drains would be closed out, the water was flushed their way.

"Great," he muttered and turned to head out of the door.

Sasha lifted her head and panted, no longer feeling hunger. She slowly opened her black eyes to see Pennywise kneeling in front of her.

He stared at her, "Sasha."

Jonathan and Jimmy looked around to see the figures disappear one by one from the tunnels. Sasha closed her eyes and fell limp into his arms. Pennywise lifted her head as she opened her eyes, this time seeing her bright green orbs looking back.

He rubbed his gloved hand across her cheek and she gave a weak smile, "Roman."

Pennywise smirked and lifted her from the ground, she laid her head across his chest, "I'm tired," she whispered

The clown held her closer, "I know."

Jimmy walked over to Aiden, he lowered himself and stabbed the silver haired man in the chest. Now watching as black dust blew through the tunnels.

He stood back up, "That's for Adam."

He felt a hand grip his shoulder, he turned back to see Jonathan looking at him, "You need to get out of here Jim."

Jimmy stared at him before nodding, "It was good to see you again

John."

John smiled, "Likewise."

Bruce walked over to John. Jimmy watched the two walk closer towards Sasha and Pennywise, who was attentive to the woman he was carrying. He heard quick footsteps head over towards them and lifted his gun, Terry ran from the darkness into the room and stopped when he noticed the clown glaring at him with Sasha in his arms. Terry raised his gun and aimed it for Pennywise, he didn't notice Jimmy until he grabbed his arm and lower the gun.

"No Walker!" he ordered

Terry gave a look of confusion.

"We have to go," he urged, pulling the detective towards the exit

Terry looked back at the clown, while he turned back to carry Sasha into the darkness.

Jimmy ran into the tunnel and looked around, hearing the quick rapids coming from behind them.

Terry turned to him, "Can't you teleport us out of here?"

Jimmy stopped at a three-way tunnel opening, "You think that doesn't take any energy out of me?"

Terry opened his mouth, "What!? So we're stuck down here?"

Jimmy raised his hand, "Wait. Shut up a second," he looked up, "I think I know where we are."

He then turned to Terry, "I have to be closer to the exit in order for me to get us out. I don't have enough energy to do it from this distance."

Jimmy smiled, "This way."

Terry stared at him before groaning and following him into the middle sewer drain.

Sasha felt herself being held and opened her eyes, she looked up to see Pennywise carrying her through a dark tunnel. The glimmer from the water cascading over his skin. He walked over to a large hole in the ground, the darkness completely black beneath them. She focused her eyes and noticed the blood and marks on his face. She feebly placed her hand on his cheek, he looked down at her and stopped on the edge.

He leaned into her touch and closed his eyes, she slowly put her hand back down. He could hear the water flooding through the tunnels.

He glanced back down at her, somewhat softening his eyes a bit, "Where do you want to go?" he asked, but it didn't seem like much of a question. It was as if he would do what he wanted regardless of her answer.

She blinked, "Home."

His lip twitched, "Where's home?"

Sasha slowly closed her eyes, feeling a surge of exhaustion flow through her, "Derry."

Pennywise gave a small grin before looking ahead of him, across the hole in the ground. Jonathan stared at him, casually standing with his hands in his pockets. Bruce sitting aside of him and watching Sasha.

They stared at one another before Jonathan spoke up, "Take care of them," he lowered his head, "or I'll come back for you."

The clown smirked and stepped into the darkness with Sasha. John stared at her until they both disappeared from sight. Bruce winced and looked up at his owner.

John smiled, "Your jobs not finished Bruce."

The Doberman whined and stood up, he knelt down and scratched his ears, "You're a good boy Bruce."

Bruce licked his face and barked, looking down in the darkness and

running into the shadows. John glanced up to see a wave of water rush through the tunnel for him. He looked back down and smiled, "I love you kid."

Jimmy and Terry rushed through the halls, the demon looked up to see more and more sunlight peeking through.

He smiled while Terry panted, "If I never walk into another sewer drain again, it'll be too soon."

Jimmy snickered but stopped when water started flowing through from both directions. Terry looked around frantically before Jimmy pulled him further.

The demon looked up, "I hope you know how to swim."

Terry creased his forehead, "Why?"

Jimmy grabbed his arm and ran into the crashing waves beneath them, Terry shouted as they were carried through the tunnels. The detective gasped for air, he could feel Jimmy still holding onto him tightly.

"Darrow!" he shouted

Jimmy looked up to each opening and turned back to him, "Hang on!"

Terry closed his eyes as he was pulled under the water. He inhaled a large amount of liquid before falling roughly on a dirt ground. Terry opened his eyes and noticed they were above ground, on the docks. He coughed up some water and looked around for Jimmy.

"Jimmy!" he shouted

He saw a body lying on the floor, Terry rushed over to him, "Jimmy! Wake up!"

Jimmy coughed and slowly raised his hand, his eyes still closed. He held four fingers up, "Four," he breathed, "This is the fourth time I've saved your ass."

Terry sighed in relief and dropped his head, laughing and sitting back on the wet ground. He looked up to see the NYPD taking in some of Aiden's men in.

Jimmy sat up and rubbed the back of his head, he turned to see his own men walking from the other end of the docks towards them.

He sighed, "I supposed this will be a little hard to explain to your commissioner."

Terry stared at him and looked away, "I don't think so," he shrugged

Jimmy looked at him confused while Terry smiled.

"Most of Aiden's men drowned in the flood and he died fighting with the other killer," he explained

"So, no stories of demons and killer clowns?" he asked

He smirked, "But they don't exist?"

Jimmy smiled at Terry but quickly frowned, "And Sasha?" he asked

Terry softened his eyes and looked down, "We lost her in the flood."

Jimmy pursed his lips in thought and patted the detective on the back, "You're doing the right thing Walker."

Terry looked up at the demon, "Besides, you're a hero to the entire NYPD and none of them will ever know about it."

Walker rolled his eyes and glared at Jimmy who chuckled and stood up, "C'mon."

They both stood up and patted their wet clothes, "We have to get our stories straight."

36. Peace

Ohhhhh nooo I'm sorry guys, but this one's a little sappy. I know ew. But hey, they've been through a lot of shit so I think they deserve it. ;) Enjoy.

Sasha opened her eyes to warm sunlight falling across her face. She stretched out and stopped, looking up at an unfamiliar ceiling. She sat up and realized she was sitting in a bed inside an equally strange room. She glanced down at her body, she was wearing her usual clothes. She rubbed her temples, trying to remember anything she might have missed from the day before. She threw her legs over the bed and noticed she didn't feel any pain anywhere on her body.

She looked down to tug at the collar of her shirt, but there was no stitches or cuts. Come to think of it, her skin looked almost flawless. Her eyes scanned the room, it was an old Victorian home. Very elegant and welcoming. She stood up to walk over to the door, she cautiously stepped closer and peered out, but there was no one in sight. She furrowed her brows and finally walked into the long hallway, the house felt warm.

As she further inspected the large house, she spotted a stairway that curved downstairs. She looked over the balcony and couldn't help but feel she's been here before.

The lower level was just as beautiful, long red curtains draped over the tall windows, the sun was so bright that she could barely see outside. She desperately wanted to know whose home she was in, it must have been a person of wealth to have such an immaculate place like this. But no matter where she looked, there was no one around, only silence.

"Hello?" she called out, but there was no answer

She huffed and turned back down the hall, just a few feet away she saw the front door. She walked closer and turned the handle. The light nearly blinded her as she lifted her arm to block her face. She took a step forward and the door quickly shut behind her. Sasha

jumped and turned back, but instead of standing on the porch of the house, she was back inside. Except now the house was rugged and broken down, she quickly turned around to see three doors splayed across the wall in front of her.

There were words on each one that looked as if they were written in blood.

Not Scary at All

Scary

Very Scary

She furrowed her brows as she inched closer. Her eyes glanced to the door labeled *Not Scary at All*. She reached down and turned the door knob, but there was nothing but a brick wall blocking the way. Sasha gave a look of confusion before turning and opening the door labeled *Scary*, but as soon as she opened it, she was only met with a brick wall. She finally turned to the last door and opened it, not surprisingly seeing the same result.

Sasha groaned in frustration and stepped back, crossing her arms. She stopped when she heard whispers behind her, she slowly turned her head to see a man crouched down on the ground next to a broken-down baby crib. He looked eerily similar to Roman but was instead wearing a clown suit and had orange hair with makeup on.

"Roman?" she asked softly

The man snapped his head back to her, his eyes glowing bright yellow as he started grinning with sharp teeth poking out. She swallowed down the fear she was feeling and knelt about five feet away from him, he was chewing on something that looked like a tiny hand. She shot up while he mirrored her. She stepped back, and he started chuckling, but it didn't sound like Roman's laugh, despite the obvious similarities.

He looked down at her stomach and smirked, taking a quick stride towards her. Sasha twisted around and noticed there was only one door in front of her now. There was blood splattered across the

surface with what looked like children's hand prints covering every inch of the door. Something grabbed her arm and she winced at the force of the grip. She looked to see the man pull her closer, she kicked him back so that he landed on the crib. Breaking it. She panted and bolted for the door opening, turning and slamming it shut.

She stood and stared at the door, after a few moments of silence, she jumped at the loud banging coming from the other side of the door. The thumps were so loud that his arm broke through the door, Sasha winced as his hand reached out to grab her. She quickly turned until she ran into something firm.

"No!" she screamed

"Sasha."

Sasha stopped and opened her eyes to see Roman looking down at her, she glanced around the hall and noticed the house was once again back to its prime. Sunlight hit his body as he held her close to him. She softened her eyes and held him closer to her, he complied and wrapped his arms around her body.

She looked back to the door, but it was now the room she woke up in, she looked back up to Roman.

"Am I dead?" She whispered in fear

Roman stared at her before shaking his head, "No."

"Where am I?"

He surveyed her green eyes, "Home."

She looked around, walking away from Roman while he watched her. Now it was coming back to her, she walked back over to the balcony and remembered looking down at one of Romanoff's workers from this angle of the building.

Neibolt

She let out a long breath and closed her eyes, lifting her hand to grab

her head, feeling a bit dizzy.

Roman grabbed her arms and steadied her, she looked back up at him, "Is this real?"

His eyes never left her, "I made it as real as I could."

"So, this is all an illusion then?"

He slowly released her, "Sort of."

She looked back down to the front door, "Can I leave?" she asked

Roman frowned, "Why would you want to leave?" he asked

She looked out of the windows, "I don't. I just want to know if I can."

He sighed, "No."

She slowly nodded, "Oh."

Roman took a step closer to her, "You said you wanted normal," he started

Her eyes considered his.

"I tried to make this as normal as I could for you," he confessed awkwardly

Sasha watched him, he looked a bit concerned and she couldn't keep herself from smiling.

"It's very beautiful."

Roman's eyes gleamed with mild delight at her approval. She walked closer to him and wrapped her arms around his slim body. He froze at her touch until she felt him slowly press her back.

"I have something to show you," he said

She looked up to him as he grabbed her hand and led her back down the steps into the large corridor past the arched entrance. They ended up in a room filled with rows of books stacked on the wall, she

gasped and walked further into the room. There were endless pieces of literature about history and different languages. She brushed her fingers over the spines of the books.

Roman stepped closer to her with his arms behind his back, "I...Hope you like it. I know how much you like to read."

Sasha smiled and stared at him, "I love it. Thank you Roman."

Roman cleared his throat and shrugged, "I just thought," he struggled to find the right words, "if you were to get bored of this. Of me."

Sasha creased her brows.

"That this might help. You know with. All that."

She watched him, but he refused to look at her.

"How could I get bored of you?" she replied, as if he'd just insulted her

He glanced back up.

"As long as you're here. I could never be bored. It's as simple as that."

Roman gave a quick smile before looking away and heading down the hall, "Okay."

She quirked her head, "Roman?"

She followed him and reached for his arm, "Where are you going?"

He didn't respond, she felt a rush of dizziness wash over her again and nearly fell before Roman caught her.

"I'm sorry," she said softly

Roman stood silent until picking her up and lifting her in his arms, she rested her head on his shoulder. He walked up the steps and headed for the room, he walked inside and placed her on the bed. He sat crouched on the side of her on the floor.

"Do you remember anything?" he asked

She looked around in thought, "I remember being locked up. Underneath the city, I remember being afraid" her eyes saddening, "And I remember seeing my brother."

Roman nodded, "Do you remember killing Aiden?"

She glanced back at him, "No."

He pursed his lips, "Probably best you don't."

A look of concern flashed across her face, "What about Bruce?"

Roman frowned and sighed, turning his head to the door and whistling. The Doberman came running through the hallway and into the room. Sasha widened her eyes, "Bruce!" and smiled as the dog hopped on the bed and jumped on Sasha, licking her face.

She giggled and scratched his ears. Roman rolled his eyes and shoved the dog off the bed. Bruce panted and sat down on the floor, peering up at him.

"Go away," he ordered

Bruce whined and turned around, trotting back down the hall. Sasha smirked as she watched Roman shut the door.

"You two seem to be getting along."

He grunted, "Hardly."

She chuckled and sat up on the bed, staring at him. Roman stopped in front of her, looking down as he opened his mouth and stared at her in a different kind of hunger. She reached over for his hand and pulled him closer, Roman eagerly obeyed and crawled over her small body, kissing her heatedly. Sasha wrapped her arms around his neck and lifted her leg while Roman groped her thigh.

He grunted when she bit his lip, making it bleed. He pulled back and looked to her, she reached up and licked the blood off his mouth, savoring the taste. He smiled against her lips, "I told you," and trailed his lips down her neck. She rolled her eyes and held him close.

Roman squeezed her hips and licked her collarbone, Sasha moaned at his touch. Roman did the same when he heard her, only arousing him more. She let out a heated breath but stopped and gently pulled Roman up, his brown hair falling over his face.

She brought him up to lay aside of her, Roman panted as he stared at her in confusion. She looked down and placed a hand on her stomach.

"What's going to happen?" she asked

Roman looked down at her stomach, "I don't know. This has never happened to me before."

She sighed, "This isn't going to last is it?"

He watched her, before pulling her closer to him, "I'm afraid not Sasha."

She closed her eyes, taking in his scent and nuzzling into his neck, feeling tears forming in her eyes.

"But that doesn't mean I won't try."

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. Roman placed his hand on her stomach for the very first time. She could tell how much it made him uncomfortable, but he didn't move away.

"You're a good man Roman, deep down I know you are."

He didn't say anything, he grabbed her face and pulled her into another kiss. She closed her eyes and kissed him back. He pulled back and held her close to him, she felt safe in his arms and rested her head against his chest. Hearing his heartbeat.

He ran his finger through her silver hair as she slowly fell into a deep slumber. Roman watched her as her breathes became long and relaxed, he brushed his hand across the curve of her back. Roman smiled and laid his head atop of hers. Smelling her hair.

It was unusual since this kind of stuff was foreign to him. And each time he tried to distance himself from Sasha, it always made things

worse. And now, having her here, like this, somehow felt...good? He clenched his jaw, how could she make him feel this way? How dare she put him in this position.

But against his better judgment, he allowed himself to smile and close his eyes, because for the first time he finally felt calm.

He felt at peace.

37. The End

Welp! There ends another story I hold quite near and dear to my heart :./ I absolutely love these two. If you didn't notice, I gave them a 'Beauty and the Beast' quality to their relationship. Not sure if it worked... Just out of curiosity. What was your favorite chapter or part of the story? Let me know! Anyways, I hope you guys had fun while reading and enjoyed all the delicious dramaaaa;)